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THE

SIXTH VOLUME

OF THE

WORKS

OF

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

THE

WORKS

OF

THE AUTHOR

OF THE

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOLUME VI.

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PREFACE.

THE Works of Dr. YOUNG have been hitherto publiſhed in a manner very little to the reputation of their Author. Although they have been reprinted ſeveral times; no one edition ſingly (nor even all of them together) contains every thing publiſhed by him. Thoſe who wiſh to read many of his productions have therefore been obliged to ſeek for them in detached pamphlets difficult to obtain, in obſcure miſcellanies, or in the firſt collected editions of his Works; none of which are now eaſily to be procured.

A few years before Dr. YOUNG's death, a ſelection of thoſe pieces which he approved moſt was made and publiſhed, under his own inſpection, in four volumes; but, although he had then arrived at an advanced age, the vigour of his mind remained unimpaired; and he afterwards printed other works, which, with ſome omitted in his own edition, were collected into a fifth volume. Thoſe five volumes have ever ſince been continued to be ſold, though improperly, as a compleat and perfect edition of this excellent writer's Productions.

It is preſumed, the Editor of the fifth volume would not have given a partial ſelection of Dr. YOUNG's Works, had he known where to find, or been enabled to procure, the remainder of them. Every reaſon which could influence the Author to wiſh that any of his pieces ſhould be ſuppreſſed, hath long ſince ceaſed to have

any

any weight. Many of the rejected works have been much enquired after; ſome of them poſſeſs great merit; and all of them derive a value from being the acknowledged productions of ſo favourite an Author. The ſlighteſt performances of a great maſter are always highly eſteemed: and though the preſent volume ſhould not be found entirely equal to thoſe which have been heretofore made public, it muſt be allowed to contain pieces which will not reflect any diſcredit on their Author, and without which no edition of his works can be conſidered as compleat.

Sept. 11, 1778.

AN

AN EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWNE.

1712.

"——————— Parnaſſia laurus
"Parva ſub ingenti matris ſe ſubjecit umbra."

VIRG.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

LORD LANSDOWNE*.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory ſhone,
And great Auguſtus rul'd the globe alone,
While ſuppliant kings, in all their pomp and ſtate,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace-gate;
Horace

* If the teſtimonies of contemporary writers were to be relied on, the nobleman to whom this epiſtle is addreſſed would be entitled to the higheſt rank, as an accompliſhed gentleman, an exalted genius, and an excellent poet. Waller, Dryden, Addiſon, Pope, Bolingbroke, and others, have borne evidence in the moſt ample manner to his abilities; and the compliments paid him by Dr. Young would be of themſelves ſufficient to prove the eſtimation in which he was held. He was a younger ſon of a younger brother, nearly related to the family of the earl of Bath; was born in 1667; became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, at a very early period of life; took his degree of M. A. there at the age of 13 years; and was with difficulty prevented from taking-up arms, both at the time of Monmouth's rebellion,

 and

Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,
And ſooth'd his breaſt with no ignoble ſtrain;
Now ſoar'd aloft, now ſtruck an humbler ſtring,
And taught the Roman genius how to ſing.
  Pardon, if I his freedom dare purſue,
Who know no want of Cæſar, finding you.
The Muſe's friend is pleas'd the Muſe ſhould preſs
Through circling crouds, and labour for acceſs,
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And ſhining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the World induſtrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boaſt the glorious flame.

and at the Revolution in defence of king James. Having no public employment, being totally unconnected with the court, and poſſeſſed of but a contracted fortune, he devoted his attention during the reign of king William to literary purſuits and amuſements, the fruits of which appeared in his plays and poems, chiefly written within that period. At the acceſſion of Queen Anne, he was choſen into parliament, and ſate in the Houſe of Commons until he was created a peer. On the change of the miniſtry, in the year 1710, he was appointed Secretary at War, and afterwards ſucceſſively Controller and Treaſurer of the Houſehold. His connections with the Tory miniſters prevented his being employed in the ſucceeding reigns of George I. and II. in the former of which he fell under the ſuſpicion of plotting againſt the government, and was committed to the Tower, where he was confined 17 months. The latter part of his life was ſpent in the cultivation of letters in an honourable retirement, univerſally beloved and reſpected by all orders of men. He died January 30, 1735, in the 68th year of his age. Mr. Walpole obſerves, that "he imitated Waller; but, as that poet has been "much excelled ſince, a faint copy of a faint maſter muſt "ſtrike leſs."

Long

Long has the weſtern world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her ſorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell diſcord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And ſhook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and ſea its utmoſt rage employ'd;
Nor heaven repair'd ſo faſt as men deſtroy'd.
In vain kind ſummers plenteous fields beſtow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleaſure chac'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taſte;
The ſmiles of Nature could no bleſſing bring,
The fruitful Autumn, or the flowery Spring;
Time was diſtinguiſh'd by the ſword and ſpear,
Not by the various aſpects of the year;
The trumpet's ſound proclaim'd a milder ſky,
And bloodſhed told us when the ſun was nigh.
But now (ſo ſoon is Britain's bleſſing ſeen,
When ſuch as you are near her glorious Queen!)
Now peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at laſt,
And bids us ſmile on all our labours paſt;
Bids every nation ceaſe her wonted moan,
And every Monarch call his crown his own;
To valour gentler virtues now ſucceed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed;
Renown'd in councils brave Argyll * ſhall tell,
Wiſdom and proweſs in one breaſt may dwell:
Through

* John duke of Argyll, hereditary juſtice general of Scotland, and maſter of the houſehold, was born October 10, 1678. He

Through milder tracks he ſoars to deathleſs fame,
And without trembling we reſound his name.
No more the riſing harveſt whets the ſword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who caſt the ſeed, the golden ſheaf ſhall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the maſter's name.
Each ſtream unſtain'd with blood more ſmoothly flows;
The brighter ſun a fuller day beſtows;

was deſcended from one of the moſt ancient families in Scotland, and his father and grandfather loſt their lives for defending the liberties of their country. He was an inſtance of the extent of human abilities being equally qualified to direct in the cabinet, to execute in the field, to harangue in the ſenate, or to acquire the reſpect and love of mankind by his wit, learning, and affability, in the retirement of a domeſtic life. He was an early adventurer in the public ſervice, having, at the age of 19, the command of a regiment, and during the long war in Flanders diſtinguiſhed himſelf, on all occaſions, with the utmoſt intrepidity. Although he ſerved with and under the great duke of Marlborough, there appears to have been an irreconcileable enmity between them. At the time of the rebellion in the year 1715, he exerted himſelf in a very ſpirited manner to extinguiſh it; and his efforts were crowned with ſucceſs, it being chiefly owing to him that it was ſo ſoon quelled. A ſpirit of independence ſeems to have been too powerful in him, to permit his acting under any miniſter. He was therefore, although frequently in power, yet never for any length of time. His oppoſition was always ſpirited, and at the ſame time decent, never adopting the extravagancies of the party to which he was united during the greater part of his life. He died on September 3, 1743.

All

All nature ſeems to wear a chearful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.
  The patient thus, when on his bed of pain
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But riſes to new life; in every field
He finds Elyſium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing ſo cheap and vulgar but can pleaſe,
And borrow beauties from his late diſeaſe.
  Nor is it peace alone, but ſuch a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle ceaſe.
Death may determine war, and reſt ſucceed,
'Cauſe nought ſurvives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we loſe our glorious foes,
And ſtrifes of love exalt our ſweet repoſe.
See graceful Bolingbroke * your friend advance,
Nor miſs his Lanſdowne in the court of France;
So well received, ſo welcome, ſo at home,
(Bleſs'd change of fate!) in Bourbon's ſtately dome;

* Henry St. John Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke then ſeeretary of ſtate. He went to Paris in Auguſt 1711, in order to conclude the peace. "He had the good fortune," ſays Monſ. Torcy, "not "only to pleaſe the King, but every body that came near his "perſon. He feemed to be no ſtranger to the court of France, "nor they to him. They vied with each other to ſhew him "honours; and, though the King's example is generally the "pattern of a ſtranger's reception, Bolingbroke owed the civi-"lities he received as much to his own perſonal qualities, as to "the ſentiments which his majeſty expreſſed in his favour." Torcy's Memoirs, vol. II. p. 356.

The Monarch pleas'd deſcending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might ſpeak the fulneſs of his mind,
A diamond ſhines, which oft' had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now firſt with joy beheld, well plac'd on one,
Who makes him leſs regret his darling ſon;
So dear is Anna's miniſter, ſo great
Your glorious friend in his own private ſtate.
To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpoſe the raging main:
The Gallic ſhore to diſtant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
From conflicts paſs'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in ſtricter friendſhip now are joined;
Each wound receiv'd now pleads the Cauſe of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but muſt prize th' illuſtrious ſword,
That cauſe of fear to Churchill * could afford?
Who, ſworn to Bourbon's ſceptre, but muſt frame
Vaſt thoughts of him that could brave Tallard † tame?
Thus generous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, compleats the friends.

* John Churchill duke of Marlborough.

† Marſhall Tallard, who was taken priſoner by the duke of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim; he was ſent to England, with other officers of diſtinction, and continued ſome time in confinement.

A thou-

A thouſand happy conſequences flow,
(The dazzling proſpect makes my boſom glow,)
Commerce ſhall lift her ſwelling ſails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets ſecure from pole to pole;
The Britiſh merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons ſees only ſkies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native ſhore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cauſe to regret his wealth no more ſhall find,
Nor curſe the mercy of the ſea and wind;
By hardeſt fate condemn'd to ſerve a foe,
And give him ſtrength to ſtrike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To diſtant woods and ſtreams, for ſuch ſupplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to ſing:
Meanwhile, the fowler ſpreads his ſecret ſnare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late
The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate.
Goodneſs is greatneſs in its utmoſt height,
And power a curſe, if not a friend to right:
To conquer is to make diſſention ceaſe,
That man may ſerve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now ſhall all her rays diſpence,
And ſhine abroad in perfect excellence;
Elſe we may dread ſome greater curſe at hand,
To ſcourge a thoughtleſs and ungrateful land:

Now war is weary, and retir'd to reſt;
The meagre famine, and the ſpotted peſt,
Deputed in her ſtead, may blaſt the day,
And ſweep the relicks of the ſword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulneſs of his glory ſhone;
Wiſe Solomon, a ſtranger to the ſword,
Was born to raiſe a temple to the Lord.
Anne too ſhall build, and every ſacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's iſle.
Thoſe mighty ſouls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bleſs
Th' Almighty Author of their late ſucceſs.
And what is all the world ſubdued to this?
The grave ſets bounds to ſublunary bliſs.
But there are conqueſts to great Anna known,
Above the ſplendor of an earthly throne;
Conqueſts! whoſe triumph is too great, within
The ſcanty bounds of matter to begin;
Too glorious to ſhine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkneſs of the ſtars and ſun,
And ſhall whole ages paſt be ſtill, ſtill but begun.

Heroic ſhades! whom war has ſwept away,
Look down, and ſmile on this auſpicious day:
Now boaſt your deaths; to thoſe your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Creſſy fell;
Then deep into eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war enquire;

Fully

Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What farther paſſes in the world below.
The braveſt of mankind ſhall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal ſeek the grave:
On gain or pleaſure bent, we ſhall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each ſtreet,
(Owners of bones diſpers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or waſting in the bottom of the main,)
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
Leſt it an inſult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourſelves that wealth, their blood
Perhaps preſerv'd, who ſtarve, or beg for food.
Devotion ſhall run pure, and diſengage
From that ſtrange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On heaven without a ſin we now may call,
And guiltleſs to our Maker proſtrate fall;
Be Chriſtians while we pray; nor in one breath
Aſk mercy for ourſelves, for others death.
But O! I view with tranſport, arts reſtor'd,
Which double uſe to Britain ſhall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace ſweet motives yield:
While we contemplate on the painted wall
The preſſing Briton, and the flying Gaul,
In ſuch bright images, ſuch living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the ſecond place;
Our cheeks ſhall glow, our heaving boſoms riſe,
And martial ardors ſparkle in our eyes;

Much we ſhall triumph in our battles paſt,
And yet conſent thoſe battles prove our laſt;
Leſt, while in arms for brighter fame we ſtrive,
We loſe the means to keep that fame alive.

In ſilent groves the birds delight to ſing,
Or near the margin of a ſecret ſpring:
Now all is calm, ſweet muſic ſhall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurſe of love.

But what 's the warbling voice, the trembling ſtring,
Or breathing canvaſs, when the Muſes ſing?
The Muſe, my Lord, your care above the reſt,
With riſing joy dilates my partial breaſt.
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to ſoar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;
For Janus ſhut, her Iö Pæans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil ſung.

A thouſand various forms the Muſe may wear
(A thouſand various forms become the fair);
But ſhines in none with more majeſtic mien,
Than when in ſtate ſhe draws the purple ſcene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crouded ſtage;
Charms back paſt ages, gives to Britain's uſe
The nobleſt virtues time did e'er produce;
Leaves fam'd hiſtorians' boaſted art behind;
They keep the ſoul alone, and that 's confin'd,

Sought

Sought-out with pains, and but by proxy ſpeaks:
The hero's preſence deep impreſſion makes;
The ſcenes his ſoul and body re-unite,
Furniſh a voice, produce him to the ſight;
Make our contemporary him that ſtood
High in renown, perhaps before the Flood;
Make Neſtor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our ſervice draw his ſword.

More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler ſervice to his country ſpring,
Than from thoſe labours, which in man's deſpight
Poſſeſs him with a paſſion for the right?
With honeſt magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguiſh fall in love?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wiſh the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your underſtanding, and their ſkill
Can domineer at pleaſure o'er your will:
Nor is the ſhort-liv'd conqueſt quickly paſt;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert faſt.

How often have I ſeen the generous bowl
With pleaſing force unlock a ſecret ſoul,
And ſteal a truth, which every ſober hour
(The proſe of life) had kept within her power!
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd:

Yet,

Yet, when the ſpirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the ſentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late; nor longer could deny,
And on her own confeſſion charge the lye.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodneſs here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws
Could render advocates in Virtue's cauſe,
Caught by the ſcene, have unawares reſign'd
Their wonted diſpoſition of the mind:
By ſlow degrees prevails the pleaſing tale,
As circling glaſſes on our ſenſes ſteal;
Till throughly by the Muſes' banquet warm'd,
The paſſions toſſing, all the ſoul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots fluſh'd with glorious rage,
Riſe in their ſeats, and ſcarce forbear the ſtage,
Aſſiſtance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poignard on ſome tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how ſubſide
To dregs of vice, from ſuch a godlike pride?
To ſpoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept laſt night to ſee Monimia * mourn?
In this gay ſchool of virtue whom ſo fit
To govern, and controul the world of wit,
As Talbot †, Lanſdowne's friend, has Britain known?
Him poliſh'd Italy has call'd her own:
He in the lap of Elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muſes to their fountain head.

* In Otway's Orphan.
† Earl, afterwards Duke of Shrewſbury.

But

But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What 's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the Britiſh genius would advance:
There too has Shrewſbury improv'd his taſte;
Yet ſtill we dare invite him to our feaſt;
For Corneille's ſake I ſhall my thoughts ſuppreſs
Of Oroonoko, and preſume him leſs:
What though we wrong him? Iſabella's * woe
Waters thoſe bays that ſhall for ever grow.
Our foes confeſs, nor we the praiſe refuſe,
The drama glories in the Britiſh Muſe.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of cloſe intrigue the Labyrinthian thread;
Our genius more affects the grand, than fine,
Our ſtrength can make the great plain action ſhine;
They raiſe a great curioſity indeed,
From his dark maze to ſee the hero freed;
We rouze th' Affections, and that hero ſhow
Gaſping beneath ſome formidable blow:
They ſigh; we weep: the Gallic doubt and care
We heighten into terror and deſpair;
Strike home, the ſtrongeſt paſſions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience ſhould be pleas'd too much.
What 's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Cæſar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taſte to entertain;

* In Southerne's tragedy of The Fatal Marriage.

Their

Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden arras with gay flowers of love:
We know Heaven made him a far greater man,
Than any Cæſar, in a human plan,
And ſuch we draw him, nor are too confin'd,
To ſtand affected with what heaven deſign'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakeſpeare but wrote the play th' Almighty made.
Our neighbour's ſtage-art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every ſcene we praiſe;
On Nature's ſurer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakeſpeare till the curtain falls;
Then with a ſigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Perſia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our ſtrong deſigns;
That oft they think more juſtly we muſt own,
Not ancient Greece a truer ſenſe has ſhown:
Greece thought but juſtly, they think juſtly too;
We ſometimes err by ſtriving more to do.
So well are Racine's meaneſt perſons taught,
But change a ſentiment, you make a fault;
Nor dare we change them with the want of flame:
When we boaſt more, we own ourſelves to blame.

And yet in Shakeſpeare ſomething ſtill I find,
That makes me leſs eſteem all human-kind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with maſter-ſtrokes abound:

His

His witches, fairies, and inchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile;
Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives, when his Othello 's in a trance;
With his Great Talbot * too, he conquer'd France.
Long we may hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great descendants, Shakespeare has but one;
And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind silence spare his rival's shame:—
Yet I in vain that author would suppress,
What can't be greater, cannot be made less:
Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
And to himself great Agamemnon † name.
Should Shakespeare rise unbless'd with Talbot's smile,
Ev'n Shakespeare's self would curse this barren isle:
But if that reigning star propitious shine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,
Shall not repent my passion for the stage.
Thus did the Will-Almighty disallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,

* An ancestor of the duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakespeare.

† A character in lord Lansdowne's tragedy of Heroic Love, acted 1698.

Which

Which left the tree with eaſe at Jove's command,
And ſpar'd the labour of the weakeſt hand.
  Auſpicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you, the Muſes' glory and delight;
Who know to read, nor falſe encomiums raiſe,
And mortify an Author with your praiſe:
Praiſe wounds a noble mind when 'tis not due,
But cenſure's ſelf will pleaſe, my Lord, from you;
Faults are our pride and gain, when you deſcend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
What though the great man ſet his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride;
Whoſe inſpiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is beſt rewarded, when beſt underſtood.
The Muſes write for glory, not for gold,
'Tis far beneath their nature to be ſold:
The greateſt gain is ſcorn'd, but as it ſerves
To ſpeak a ſenſe of what the Muſe deſerves;
The Muſe, which from her Lanſdowne fears no wrong,
Beſt judge, as well as ſubject, of her ſong.
Should this great theme allure me farther ſtill,
And I preſume to uſe your patience ill,
The world would plead my cauſe; and none but you
Will take diſguſt at what I now purſue:
Since what is mean my Muſe can't raiſe, I'll chuſe
A theme that's able to exalt my Muſe.
  For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a ſpark of his immortal flame?

Whether

Whether we ſeek the patriot or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend:
Whether we chuſe to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.
Such native graces without thought abound,
And ſuch familiar glories ſpread around,
As more incline the ſtander-by to raiſe
His value for himſelf, than you to praiſe.
Thus you befriend the moſt heroic way,
Bleſs all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis ſcarce a virtue when you moſt excel.
Tho' ſweet your preſence, graceful is your mien,
You to be happy want not to be ſeen;
Though priz'd in public, you can ſmile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conſcious of thoſe eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, though reſolute to pleaſe;
You, were all blind, would ſtill deſerve applauſe,
The world's your glory's witneſs, not its cauſe;
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.
You take delight in others excellence,
A gift, which Nature rarely does diſpenſe:
Of all that breathe, 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to ſee yourſelf outdone.
You wiſh not thoſe who ſhew your name reſpect,
So little worth as might excuſe neglect;

Nor

Nor are in pain left merit you ſhould know;
Nor ſhun the well-deſerver as a foe;
A troubleſome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with ſhame.

You wiſh your country's good; that told, ſo well
Your powers are known, th' event I need not tell.
When Neſtor ſpoke, none aſk'd if he prevail'd;
That God of ſweet perſuaſion never fail'd:
And ſuch great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd, only ſaid he fought.

When you, my Lord, to ſylvan ſcenes retreat,
No crouds around for pleaſure, or for ſtate,
You are not caſt upon a ſtranger-land,
And wander penſive o'er the barren ſtrand;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to ſhun the diſcipline of thought;
But, unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chuſe companions from all human race;
Converſe with thoſe the deluge ſwept away,
Or thoſe whoſe midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not ſo much inform, as give conſent
To thoſe ideas your own thoughts preſent;
Your only gain from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cauſe to like yourſelf the more:
In Grecian ſages you are only taught
With more reſpect to value your own thought:
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Thoſe precepts we behold alive in you:

Your

Your life is ſo adjuſted to their ſchools,
It makes that hiſtory they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleaſing tranſport, muſt ariſe
Within your breaſt, and lift you to the ſkies,
When, in each learned page that you unfold,
You find ſome part of your own conduct told?
So pleas'd, and ſo ſurpriz'd, Æneas ſtood,
And ſuch triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan ſhores the hero ſpy'd
His ſtory ſhining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himſelf, and ſaw his actions ſtand
The praiſe and wonder of a foreign land.
He knows not half his being, who's confin'd
In converſe, and reflection on mankind:
Your ſoul, which underſtands her charter well,
Diſdains impriſon'd by thoſe ſkies to dwell;
Ranges eternity without the leave
Of Death, nor waits the paſſage of the grave.
When pains eternal, and eternal bliſs,
When theſe high cares your weary thoughts diſmiſs,
In heavenly numbers you your ſoul unbend,
And for your eaſe to deathleſs fame deſcend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatneſs underſtand,
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand *.
Behold the glories of your life compleat!
Still at a flow, and permanently great;
New moments ſhed new pleaſures as they fly,
And yet your greateſt is, that you muſt die.

* See his Lordſhip's tragedy, intituled Heroic Love.

Thus

Thus Anna ſaw, and rais'd you to the ſeat
Of honour, and confeſs'd her ſervant great;
Confeſs'd, not made him ſuch; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet ſwell'd long ſince with Granville's name.
Though you in modeſty the title wear,
Your name ſhall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermin make his glory known,
And caſt in ſhades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high diſtinction ſprings;
The ſoul's endowments from the King of kings.
Lo one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thouſand years;
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and controul the great.
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter ſhine!
To him that great prerogative reſign,
Who the ſun's height can raiſe at pleaſure higher,
His lamp illumine, ſet his flames on fire.
Yet ſtill one bliſs, one glory I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my Lord, whom you muſt blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name.
He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor ſerve theſe virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or ſuch as none wiſh leſs,
But friends indeed, good-nature in exceſs.
You cannot boaſt the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,
Which

Which call'd too loud by man to be withſtood,
Pleading a tye far nearer than of blood;
Similitude of manners, ſuch a mind,
As makes you leſs the wonder of mankind.
Such eaſe his common converſe recommends,
As he ne'er felt a paſſion, but his Friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the ſun, to bend his courſe *.
Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air:
Salutes each paſſing breeze with head reclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in every wind:
But fix'd, the ſtem her upright ſtate maintains,
And all the fury of the North diſdains.
How are you bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendſhip end.
O Harriſon! I muſt, I will complain;
Tears ſooth the ſoul's diſtreſs, though ſhed in vain;
Didſt thou return, and bleſs thy native ſhore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?—
Thy taſk was early done, and I muſt own
Death kind to thee, but, ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The ſorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loſs perceive,
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.

* Bevil Granville, his lordſhip's nephew, who entered into holy orders. An excellent letter from lord Lanſdowne to this gentleman is printed in the works of the former, vol. II. p. 283.

With

With aching heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When firſt inform'd of his approaching fate;
But reach'd the partner of my ſoul too late.
'Twas paſt, his cheek was cold, that tuneful tongue,
Which Iſis charm'd with its melodious ſong,
Now languiſh'd, wanted ſtrength to ſpeak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and ſunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what ſerv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that moſt unhappy hour?

Yet ſtill prevail'd the greatneſs of his mind;
That, not in health, or life itſelf confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and ſmil'd in death's embrace.

His ſpirit now juſt ready to reſign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He graſps my hand, his ſwimming eye-balls roll,
My hand he graſps, and enters in my ſoul;
Then with a groan——Support me, O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear!

Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom ſeeks relief;
To better fate your love I recommend,
O! may you never loſe ſo dear a friend *!

May

* The author here bewails that moſt ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harriſon, Fellow of New-College, Oxon. YOUNG.

Mr.

May nothing interrupt your happy hours!
Enjoy the bleſſings peace on Europe ſhowers:
Nor yet diſdain thoſe bleſſings to adorn;
To make the Muſe immortal, you was born.
Sing; and in lateſt time, when ſtory 's dark,
This period your ſurviving fame ſhall mark;
Save from the gulph of years this glorious age,
And thus illuſtrate their hiſtorian's page.

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain ſway'd, when Granville ſung:
That noted year Europa ſheath'd her ſword,
When this great Man was firſt ſaluted Lord.

Mr. Harriſon was author of a Poem, intituled, "Woodſtock," inſerted in Dodſley's Collection of Poems. He was a young man patronized by Dean Swift, who procured for him the poſt of Secretary to the embaſſy of Utrecht. On the Tatler being diſcontinued by Sir Richard Steele, this gentleman, aſſiſted by Swift, Bolingbroke, Henley, King, and others, reſumed the work; and continued it, until fifty-two numbers were publiſhed, which have ſince been collected into a fifth volume. He died on the 14th day of February, 1712-13, almoſt immediately on his return to England, lamented by Dean Swift in ſuch a manner, as will ſufficiently prove that want of feeling (which he has been charged with) conſtituted no part of that author's real character. See the Supplement to Swift's Works.

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A

NAVAL LYRICK:

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

Occaſioned by His MAJESTY's Return, Sept. 10, 1729, and the ſucceeding PEACE *.

" Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
" Quem ſuper notas aluere ripas,
" Fervet, immenſuſque ruit profundo.

PIND.

" Concines lætoſque dies, & urbis
" Publicum ludum, ſuper impetrato
" Fortis AUGUSTI reditu."

HOR.

* Commonly called " The Treaty of Seville," concluded Dec. 9, 1729, between the Crowns of Great Britain, France, Spain, and The United Provinces.

PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a *formidable* ſound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it; of which (with utmoſt ſubmiſſion) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a falſe idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not ſo *familiar*. As a fixt ſtar is as much in the bounds of nature, as a flower of the field, though leſs obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar; I ſhall therefore *ſoon* ſupport at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very *noble* ſubject in itſelf; more *proper* than any for an Engliſhman; and particularly *ſeaſonable* at this juncture.

We have more ſpecimens of good *writing* in every Province, than in the *ſublime*; our two famous *Epic Poems* excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had feweſt rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the *real* intereſt, or *poſſible* glory, of his country, than before; or a ſtronger *impreſſion from* it, or a warmer *concern for* it; I give up to the *critic* any farther reputation.

We have many *copies* and *tranſlations* that paſs for *originals*. This Ode I humbly conceive is an original, though it profeſſes imitation. No man

can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his *particular* works; any more than like Raphael, by copying the *cartoons*. The genius and ſpirit of ſuch great men muſt be collected from the *whole*; and, when thus we are poſſeſſed of it, we muſt exert its energy in *ſubjects* and *deſigns* of our own. Nothing is ſo *unpindarical* as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an *original*; and he muſt be *ſo* too, who would be like Pindar in *that* which is his greateſt praiſe. Nothing ſo unlike as a *cloſe copy*, and a *noble original*.

As for *length*, Pindar has an *unbroken* Ode of ſix hundred lines. Nothing is long or ſhort in writing, but *relatively* to the demand of the ſubject, and the manner of treating it. A *diſtich* may be *long*, and a folio *ſhort*. However, I have broken this Ode into Strains, each of which may be conſidered as a ſeparate Ode if you pleaſe. And, if the variety and fullneſs of matter be conſidered, I am rather apprehenſive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought moſt to be declined, if for nothing elſe, for our plenty of it.

The *Ode* is the moſt ſpirited kind of poetry, and the *Pindaric* is the moſt ſpirited kind of *Ode*; this I ſpeak at my own very great peril: but truth has an eternal title to our confeſſion, though we are ſure to ſuffer by it.

THE

THE MERCHANT.

ODE THE FIRST.

ON THE BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατεῖαι πάντοθεν λογία-
σιν ἐντὲ πρόσοδοι
νᾶσον εὐκλέα τάν-
δε κοσμεῖν. PIND. Nem. Od. VI.

PRELUDE.

The *Propoſition*. An Addreſs to the veſſel that brought over the *King*. *Who* ſhould ſing on this occaſion. A *Pindaric* boaſt.

I.

FAST by the *ſurge* my limbs are ſpread;
The *naval oak* nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll:
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye ſounding billows! ceaſe to roar;
The God deſcends; and tranſports warm my ſoul.

II.

The waves are hush'd; the winds are spent!—
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song—Fam'd Isle! no less,
By Nature's *favour*, from mankind,
Than by the foaming *sea*, disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an *isle*, in happiness!

III.

Though Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though slow their streams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years,
Returning George supplies the distant sun.

IV.

Away, my soul! salute the **Pine*,
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
Salute the *bark* that ne'er shall hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My soul! to thee *she* spreads her sails;
Their bosoms fill with sacred gales,
With inspiration from the godhead warm;
Now bound for an *eternal* clime,
O send her down the tide of Time,
Snatch'd from *oblivion*, and secure from *storm*.

VI. Or

* The vessel that brought over the King.

VI.

Or teach *this* flag, like *that* to ſoar,
Which Gods of old and Heroes bore;
Bid her a Britiſh conſtellation riſe—
The ſea ſhe ſcorns; and, *now*, ſhall bound
On lofty billows of ſweet ſound,
I am her pilot, and her port the *ſkies!*

VII.

Dare *you* to ſing, ye tinkling train?
Silence, ye wretched! ye prophane!
Who ſhackle *proſe*, and boaſt of *abſent* Gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour ſtiff Anacreontic Odes.

VIII.

Ye *lawful* Sons of Genius, riſe!
Of *genuine* title to the ſkies;
Ye *founts* of Learning! and ye *mints* of Fame!
You, who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought, with Attick art,
And drink pure ſong from Cam's or Iſis' ſtream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous ſtream from my unlabour'd breaſt;
As, when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
The generous burſts of willing wine
Diſtil nectareous from the grape *unpreſt*.

STRAIN THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the King attended. A *prospect* of happiness. *Industry.* A surprizing instance of it in Old Rome. The mischief of *sloth. What* happiness is. *Sloth* its greatest enemy. *Trade* natural to Britain. *Trade* invoked. *Described. What* the greatest human excellence. The *praise* of wealth. Its *use*, *abuse*, *end.* The *variety* of nature. The final *moral* cause of it. The benefit of man's *necessities.* Britain's naval stores. She makes *all Nature* serviceable to her ends. Of *reason.* Its *excellence. How* we should form our *estimate* of things. *Reason's* difficult task. *Why* the first glory her's. Her *effects* in Old Britain.

I.

"OUR Monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What shining forms surround his throne,
O Sun! as planets thee!—To my loud strain
See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance;
And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

II.

"Our Monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
New glories kindle round his throne,
The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze:
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate,
And, now, am present to the *future* blaze.

III. By

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the ſun!—O thou divine,
Bleſt Induſtry! a ſmiling earth
From thee *alone* derives its birth:
By thee the ploughſhare and its maſter ſhine.

IV.

From thee, *maſt*, *cable*, *anchor*, *oar*,
From thee the *cannon* and his *roar*;
On *oaks* nurſt, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire, grows;
O golden Fruit! *oak* well might prove
The ſacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the *naval* oak beſtows.

V.

What cannot Induſtry compleat?
When Punick war firſt flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent, Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries;
As ſoon they fall; as ſoon they riſe;
One moon, a *foreſt*; and the next, a *fleet*.

VI.

Is *ſloth* indulgence? 'Tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the ſoil;
Defeats creation, plunges in diſtreſs,
Cankers our being, all devours.
A full exertion of our powers!
Thence, and thence only, glows our happineſs.

VII.

The ſtream may ſtagnate, yet be clear,
The ſun ſuſpend his ſwift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
Ere man, his active ſprings reſign'd,
Can ruſt in body and in mind,
Yet taſte of bliſs, of which he choaks the ſource.

VIII.

Where, Induſtry! thy daughter fair?
Recal her to her *native* air;
Here was Trade born, here bred, here flouriſh'd long;
And ever ſhall ſhe flouriſh *here:*
What though ſhe languiſh'd? 'twas but *fear:*
She's ſound of heart; her conſtitution ſtrong.

IX.

Wake, ſting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fixt anchor; puſh from ſhore,
Earth lies before thee, every climate court.
And, ſee, ſhe 's rous'd, abſolv'd from fears,
Her brow, in cloudleſs azure, rears,
Spreads all her ſail, and opens every port.

X.

See, cheriſh'd by her ſiſter, Peace,
She levies gain on every place,
Religion, habit, cuſtom, tongue, and name!
Again, ſhe travels with the ſun,
Again, ſhe draws a golden zone
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and fame!

XI. Ten

XI.

Ten thouſand active hands, that hung
In ſhameful ſloth with nerves unſtrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the ſtorms,
The fleets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd veſſel wing to ſea,
Worlds, worlds ſalute, and peopled ocean ſwarms.

XII.

His ſons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their ſedgy foreheads lift, and ſmile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams, charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down; what can the gods do more?

XIII.

Cold Ruſſia coſtly furs from far,
Hot China ſends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it, Arab ſweet
With gales of incenſe ſwells our ſails,
Nor diſtant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richeſt ore the *ballaſt* of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant iſle! what tide that flows,
Or ſtream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial ſun that ſhines, or ſhower that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, ſhines, pours for thee?
How every heart dilates to ſee
Each land's each ſeaſon blending on thy ſhores!

XV.

All theſe one Britiſh harveſt make!
The ſervant Ocean for thy ſake
Both ſinks and ſwells: his arms thy boſom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundleſs dower,
To mighty George's growing power,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown:
Fair Virtue with the firſt renown:
A large *revenue*, and a large *expence*,
When hearts for others' welfare glow,
And *ſpend* as free as gods beſtow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glow then, my breaſt! *abound*, my ſtore!
This, and this boldly, I implore,
Their *want* and *apathy* let Stoicks boaſt:
Paſſions and *riches*, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our ſkill;
All bleſſings wound us, when diſcretion's loſt.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the *virtuous* and the *wiſe*,
'Tis vice and folly to deſpiſe:
Let thoſe in praiſe of poverty refine,
Whoſe heads or hearts pervert its uſe,
The *narrow-ſoul'd*, or the *profuſe*;
The *truly-great* find *morals* in the mine;

XIX. Happy

XIX.

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
Has learnt the rare, illuſtrious *art*
Of being rich: ſtores *ſtarve* us, or they *cloy*;
From *gold*, if more than *chemic* ſkill
Extract not what is *brighter* ſtill:
'Tis hard to *gain*, much harder to *enjoy*.

XX.

Plenty's a *means*, and joy her *end*:
Exalted minds their joys extend:
A Chandos ſhines, when others' joys are done:
As *lofty* turrets, by their height,
When humbler ſcenes reſign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining ſun.

XXI.

Pregnant with bleſſings, Britain! ſwear
No *ſordid* ſon of thine ſhall dare
Offend the Donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who *now* his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations! Commerce and Increaſe.

XXII.

How *various Nature!* turgid *grain*
Here nodding floats the golden plain;
There, *worms* weave ſilken webs; *here*, glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the ſun
Beneath the ſoil, *there* harveſts run,
And kings' revenues ripen in the *mines*.

XXIII. What

XXIII.

What 's *various* Nature? Art divine
Man's ſoul to ſoften and refine;
Heaven different growths to different lands imparts,
That all may ſtand in need of all,
And *intereſt* draw around the ball
A net to *catch* and *join* all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen
His law *ſupreme*, to mortal men,
In their *neceſſities* diſtinctly writ:
Ev'n *appetite* ſupplies the place
Of abſent virtue, abſent grace,
And human want *performs* for human wit.

XXV.

Vaſt naval enſigns ſtrow'd around
The wondering *foreigner* confound!
How ſtands the deep-aw'd continent aghaſt,
As her proud *ſcepter'd* ſons ſurvey,
At every port, on every quay,
Huge mountains riſe, of cable, anchor, maſt?

XXVI.

Th' unwieldy tun! the ponderous bale!—
Each prince his own clime ſet to ſale
Sees *here*, by ſubjects of a Britiſh king:
How earth 's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow ſpot, our throng'd Exchange!
And ſend the ſtreams of plenty from their ſpring.

XXVII. Nor

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all Nature bends
In aid to Britain 's glorious ends:
Toils ſhe in *trade?* or bleeds in honeſt *wars?*
Her keel each yielding *ſea* enthrals,
Each willing *wind* her canvaſs calls,
Her pilot into ſervice liſts the ſtars.

XXVIII.

In ſize confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the ſhade,
And ſeem as emmets on this point, the ball?
Heaven lighted-up the human ſoul,
Heaven bid its rays tranſpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike *Reaſon*, gave us *All.*

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bleſt Reaſon! guide my life and pen;
All ills, like ghoſts, fly trembling at thy light:
Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
Smiles, though the ſtars around him fall;
A God is nought but Reaſon Infinite.

XXX.

The man of Reaſon is a God
Who ſcorns to ſtoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole *Agent* he beneath the ſhining ſphere;
Others are *paſſive*, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, ſunk, or ſwell'd,
As *accident* is pleas'd to *domineer*.

XXXI. Our

XXXI.

Our *hopes* and *fears* are much to blame;
Shall monarchs *awe?* or crowns *inflame?*
From groſs miſtake our idle tumult ſprings;
Thoſe men the ſilly world diſarm,
Elude the *dart*, diſſolve the *charm*,
Who know the *ſlender* worth of *men* and *things*.

XXXII.

The *preſent* object, *preſent* day,
Are idle *phantoms*, and away;
What's *laſting* only does *exiſt*. Know *This*,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, Commerce, Freedom, nobly fall
To launch us on the flood of *endleſs* bliſs.

XXXIII.

How *foreign* theſe, though *moſt* in view!
Go, look your *whole* exiſtence through;
Thence, form your *rule*; *thence* fix your eſtimate;
For ſo the gods: but as the *gains*,
How great the *toil!* 'Twill coſt more pains,
To vanquiſh *Folly*, than reduce a *State*.

XXXIV.

Hence, *Reaſon!* the *firſt* palm is thine:
Old Britain learnt from thee to ſhine.
By thee, *Trades* ſwarming throng, gay *Freedoms*
Armies, in war of fatal frown, [ſmile;
Of peace the pride, *Arts* flowing down,
Enrich, *exalt*, *defend*, *inſtruct* our iſle.

STRAIN

STRAIN THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arts from Commerce. Why Britons ſhould purſue it. What wealth *includes*. An *Hiſtorical* digreſſion, which kind is moſt frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The *approach* of her ruin. The *cauſe* of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miſerable fall. The neighbouring kings' juſt reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine Power and Vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how *deep* her calamity.

I.

COMMERCE gives *arts*, as well as gain;
By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barbarous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffick of the ſoul!
May travel, *thus*, from pole to pole,
And gild the world with Learning's *brighter* ſun.

II.

Commerce gives *learning*, *virtue*, *gold!*
Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and ſeas! leſt gods repent:
The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the *trident's* emblem, gave
A triple realm, that awes the continent:

III. And

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is power:
When Jove deſcends a golden ſhower,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all, in one.—
View, emulate, outſhine Old Tyre;
In ſcarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her merchants, *princes!* every deck, a *throne!*

IV.

She ſate an empreſs! aw'd the flood!
Her *ſtable* column Ocean trod;
She call'd the *nations*, and ſhe call'd the *ſeas*,
By both obey'd: the Syrian ſings;
The Cyprian's art her viol ſtrings;
Togarmah's ſteed along her valley neighs.

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Baſhan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her maſt; far Dedan warms
Her mantled hoſt; Arabia feeds;
Her ſail of purple Egypt ſpreads;
Arvad ſends mariners; the Perſian, arms.

VI.

The world's laſt limit bounds her fame;
The *golden city* was her name!
Thoſe ſtars on *earth*, the *topaz*, *onyx*, blaze
Beneath her foot: *extent* of coaſt,
And rich as Nile's, let others boaſt;
Her's the far nobler *harveſt* of the ſeas.

VII. O mer-

VII.

O merchant-land! as Eden fair!
Ancient of Empires! Nature's care!
The ſtrength of Ocean! *head* of Plenty's ſprings!
The pride of Iſles! In *wars* rever'd!
Mother of *crafts!* lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and ſupport of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of nations!—But ſhe fell:
Her pamper'd ſons revolt! rebel!
Againſt his favourite iſle loud roars the *main!*
The tempeſt howls! her ſculptur'd dome
Soon the *wolf's* refuge; *dragon's* home!
The land, one *altar!* a whole people, *ſlain!*

IX.

The deſtin'd *day* puts on her frown;
The ſable *hour* is coming down:
She 's on her march from yon Almighty throne:
The *ſword* and *ſtorm* are in her hand;
She trumpets ſhrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth! the boaſt, *unknown!*

X.

For, oh! her ſins as red as blood,
As crimſon deep, outcry the flood;
The Queen of Trade is *bought!* once wiſe and juſt,
Now venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to *droſs*, her bloſſom into *duſt!*

XI. To

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
Thoſe high-born ſouls they proudly breathe,
Her ſordid *noble* ſinks! her *mighty* bow!
Is it for *this*, the groves around
Return the *tabret's* ſprightly ſound?
Is it for *this* her great-ones toſs the brow?

XII.

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign!
To *nuptials* cold, how *glows* the vein,
Confounding kindred, and miſleading right!
The *ſpurious* lord it o'er the land!
Bold Blaſphemy dares make a ſtand,
Aſſault the ſky, and brandiſh *all* her might!

XIII.

Tyre's *artizan*, ſweet *orator*,
Her *merchant*, *ſage*, big *man of war*,
Her *judge*, her *prophet*; nay, her *hoary heads*,
Whoſe brows with *wiſdom* ſhould be crown'd,
Her very *prieſts*, in guilt abound:
Hence the world's *cedar* all her honours ſheds.

XIV.

What death of *truth!* what thirſt of *gold!*
Chiefs warm in *peace*, in *battle* cold!
What *youth* unletter'd! *baſe-ones* lifted high!
What *public* boaſts! what *private* views!
What *deſert* temples! *crowded* ſtews!
What *women!*—practis'd but to roll an eye!

XV. O!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her faireſt dames
Decline the ſun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts:
Alas! there is, who ſees them there;
There is, who flatters not the fair,
When *cymbals* tinkle, and the *virgin* chaunts.

XVI.

He ſees, and thunders!—*Now*, in vain!
The courſer paws, and foams the rein;
And chariots ſtream along the printed ſoil:
In vain! her high, preſumptuous air,
In gorgeous veſtments rich and rare,
O'er her proud ſhoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her coſtly *ſtain*,
Green, ſcarlet, azure, ſhine in vain!
In vain! their golden heads her turrets rear;
In vain! high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain! wines flow in various ſtreams,
With helm and ſpear each pillar gleams;
Damaſcus, vain! unfolds the gloſſy ſtore;
The golden wedge from Ophir's coaſts,
From Arab incenſe vain, ſhe boaſts,
Vain are her gods, and vainly *men* adore.

XIX. Bell

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiſs! her glory ends!
To *ſhips*, her confidence! ſhe flies from foes;
Foes meet her *there*: the wind, the wave,
That once aid, ſtrength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in ſeas, from which her glory roſe.

XX.

Her *ivory* deck, embroider'd ſail,
And maſt of *cedar* nought avail,
Or pilot *learn'd!* She ſinks, nor ſinks *alone*,
Her Gods ſink with her! to the ſky,
Which never more ſhall meet her eye,
She ſends her ſoul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What though, ſo vaſt her naval might,
In *her* firſt dawn'd the Britiſh right;
All *flags abas'd* her ſea-dominion greet?
What though ſhe longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that Iſle deſtroy
Whoſe conqueſt ſail'd, as far as ſail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings *ſhe* cloath'd in purple ſhake
Their aweful brows; "O foul miſtake!"
"O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is ſhe,
"Who ſaid—with my *own* art and arm,
"In the world's wealth I wrap me warm"—
And ſwell'd at heart, vain Empreſs of the Sea!

XXIII. "This,

XXIII.

" This, This is ſhe, who *meanly* ſoar'd:
" Alas! how *low*, to be *ador'd*,
" And ſtile herſelf a God!—Through ſtormy wars
" This Eagle-Iſle her thunder bore,
" High-fed her young with *human* gore;
" And *would* have built her neſt among the ſtars.

XXIV.

" But ah, frail man! how impotent
" To ſtand Heaven's vengeance, or prevent!
" To turn aſide the great Creator's aim!
" Shall Iſland-kings with Him contend,
" Who makes the Poles beneath him bend?
" And ſhall drink up the ſea herſelf with flame?

XXV.

" *Earth*, *Æther*, *Empyræum* bow,
" When from the brazen Mountain's brow
" The God of Battles takes his mighty bow:
" Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
" Puts-on his veſture dipt in blood,
" And marches out to ſcourge the world below.

XXVI.

" Ah! wretched Iſle, once call'd the *great!*
" Ah! wretched Iſle, and wiſe too late!
" The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
" Thy *luxury*, *corruption*, *pride*,
" And *freedom* loſt, the realms deride,
" Ador'd thee *ſtanding*, o'er thy *ruins* ſhout:

XXVII.

" To ſcourge with *war*, or peace *beſtow*,
" *Was* thine, O fallen! fallen low!
" '*Twas* thine, of jarring thrones to ſtill deb-
" How art thou fallen, down, down, do
" Wide *waſte*, and *night*, and *horror* fr
" Where *Empire* flam'd in gold, and balan
" ſtates."

STRAIN

STRAIN THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

An *inference* from this History. *Advice* to Britain. More *proper* to her than *other* Nations. How *far* "troke of *tyranny* reaches. *What* supports "Endeavours. The *unconsidered* benefits of "A y. Britain's obligation to pursue *trade*. *Why* above half the globe is *sea*. Britain's grandeur from her *situation*. The *winds*, the *seas*, the *constellations*, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with *other* States. The Leviathan described. Britain's site, and ancient title to the *seas*. *Who* rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. *Some* despise *Trade* as mean. *Censured* for it. *Trade's* glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprizing instance of magnificence. The merchant's *dignity*. Compared with men of *letters*.

I.

Hence learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may *thrive*, or *perish* by the wave.
What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes *solicit* down?
Ocean's the *womb* of riches, and the *grave*.

II.

This Truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues should rise, as Fortunes swell:
What is large property?—The *sign* of good,
Of worth *superior*: if 'tis *less*,
Another's treasure we possess,
And charge the Gods with favours *misbestow'd*.

III.

This council ſuits Britannia's Iſle,
High-fluſh'd with wealth, and Freedom's ſmile:
To vaſſals priſon'd in the Continent,
Who ſtarve, *at home*, on meagre toil,
And ſuck to death their mother ſoil,
'Twere uſeleſs caution, and a truth miſ-ſpent.

IV.

Fell Tyrants ſtrike beyond the bone,
And wound the ſoul; bow Genius down,
Lay Virtue waſte! for worth or arts, who ſtrain,
To throw them at a *monſter's* foot?
'Tis *property* ſupports *purſuit*:
Freedom gives eloquence; and Freedom, gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the ſtyle,
She makes the blood and ſpirits boil;
I feel her *now!* and rouſe, and riſe, and rave
In Theban ſong: O Muſe! not *thine*,
Verſe is gay Freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly, is no ſlave.

VI.

Others may traffick if they pleaſe;
Britain, fair daughter of the ſeas,
Is born for *trade*; to plough her field, the wave;
And reap the growth of every coaſt:
A ſpeck of land! but let her boaſt,
Gods gave the *world*, when they the *waters* gave.

VII. Britain!

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Nor cover'd half with *ſolid* ſpace,
Three parts are *fluid*: empire of the ſea!
And why? for Commerce. Ocean ſtreams
For *that*, through all his various *names*:
And, if for Commerce, Ocean flows for Thee.

VIII.

Britain, like ſome great potentate
Of Eaſtern clime, retires in ſtate,
Shuts out the nations! Would a Prince draw nigh?
He paſſes her ſtrong *guards*, the waves,
Of *ſervant* winds admiſſion craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the ſky.

IX.

There are her friends; ſoft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas burſting from the pole: all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil:
The Caſpian, the broad Baltick boil,
And into life the dead Pacifick ſcourge.

X.

There are her friends, a marſhal'd train:
A golden hoſt! and azure plain!
By turns *do duty*, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The ſtar that quits *this* hemiſphere
Muſt quit the ſkies, to want a Britiſh fleet.

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her, Orion's glories *burn*,
The Pleiads *gleam*. For Britons ſet and riſe
The fair-fac'd ſons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging Dog that fires the *midnight* ſkies.

XII.

Theſe nations Newton made his own;
All *intimate* with him alone.
His mighty ſoul did, like a giant, run
To the vaſt volume's *cloſing* ſtar;
Decypher'd every character:
His reaſon pour'd new light upon the ſun.

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and *barren* ſtrand,
Not *ſuch* the ſea: let Fohé's ancient line
Vaſt *tracts* and ample *beings* vaunt;
The camel *low*, *ſmall* elephant—
O Britain! the Leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom Nature's ſtrife
Brought forth, her largeſt piece of life;
He *ſleeps* an iſle! his ſports the billows warm!
Dreadful Leviathan! thy ſpout
Invades the ſkies; the ſtars are out;
He drinks a *river*, and ejects a *ſtorm*.

XV. Th'

XV.

Th' Atlantic ſurge around our ſhore
German and Caledonian roar;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
"The ſeas are ours."—The monarch ſaid—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival, then, to riſe?
Can he be found beneath the ſkies?
No, *there*, they dwell, that can give Britain fear:
The powers of earth, by rival aim
Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
And prove their diſtance moſt, as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice ſits amid the waves;
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves;
Art's nobleſt boaſt! but O what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's iſle!
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil!
Britannia is a Venice built by Gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom ſhe roſe;
The child of Britain! And ſhall ſhe contend?
It were no leſs than parricide:—
What wonders riſe from out the tide;
Her *High and Mighty* to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think *trade* mean, and ſcorn to bow
So far beneath the ſtate of *noble* birth?
Alas! theſe chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, *themſelves* how low;
The ſons of *Nobles* are the ſons of *earth*.

XX.

And what have earth's mean ſons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm purſue
The world's *chief* good, not *glut* on others' toil?
High Commerce from the Gods came down,
With *compaſs*, *chart*, and *ſtarry crown*,
Their *delegate*, to make the nations *ſmile*.

XXI.

Bluſh, and behold the Ruſſian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty *brow*
To *trade*.—To *toil* he turns his glorious *hand*:
That arm, which ſwept the bloody field,
See! the huge *axe*, or *hammer*, wield;
While *ſceptres* wait, and *thrones* impatient ſtand.

XXII.

O ſhame to *ſubjects!* firſt renown,
Matchleſs example to the *crown!*
Old Time is *poor*: what age boaſts ſuch a ſight?
Ye *drones!* adore the man divine—
No; Virtue ſtill as *mean* decline,
Call Ruſſians barbarous, and yourſelves polite.

XXIII. He

XXIII.

He too of Judah, great, as wise,
With Hiram strove in merchandize;
Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an *oar!*
That Merchant * sinking to his grave,
A flood of treasure swells the cave;
The king *left much*, the merchant *bury'd* more.

XXIV.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Out-number'd *sands*, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
Those trade in *blessing*, these in *pain*,
At slaughter swell, and shout, while nations groan:
With purple Monarchs, Merchants vie;
If great to *spend*, what to *supply?*
Priests pray for blessings; Merchants pour them down.

XXVI.

Kings Merchants are in league and love;
Earth's odours *pay* soft *airs* above,
That o'er the teeming field prolific range;
Planets are Merchants; take, return,
Lustre and heat; by *traffick* burn;
The whole Creation is one vast Exchange.

* Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death. YOUNG.

XXVII.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
What ſay the ſons of *letter'd* fame,
Proud of their *volumes*, ſwelling in their *cells?*
In *open* life, in *change* of ſcene,
Mid *various* manners, *throngs* of men,
Experience, Arts, and *ſolid* Wiſdom dwells.

XXVIII.

Trade, Art's mechanick, Nature's ſtores
Well-weighs; to *ſtarry* Science ſoars:
Reads warm in *life* (dead-colour'd by the *pen)*
The ſcites, tongues, intereſts, of the ball:
Who ſtudies Trade, he ſtudies all;
Accompliſh'd Merchants are accompliſh'd Men.

STRAIN THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar invoked. His praiſe. Britain ſhould decline *war*; but boldly aſſert her *trade*. Encouraged from the *throne*: Britain's condition without trade. Trade's *character*, and ſurprizing *deeds*. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The *miſer's* character. The wonderful effects of trade. *Why* religion recommended to the *merchant*. What, *falſe* joy. What, *true*. What *religion* is to the merchant. *Why* trade more *glorious* in Britons than others. How *warmly*, and how *long*, to be purſued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praiſe. America deſcribed. Worlds ſtill *unknown*. Queen Elizabeth. King George the Second. His glory *navally* repreſented.

I.

HOW ſhall I farther rouſe the ſoul?
How Sloth's laſcivious reign control?
By verſe, with unextinguiſh'd ardour wrought?
How every breaſt inflame with mine?
How bid my theme ſtill brighter ſhine,
With wealth of words, and unexhauſted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan ſwan, on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his *own*:
Thy *ſpirit* pour, like vernal ſhowers,
My *verſe* ſhall burſt out with the flowers,
While Britain's trade advances with her ſun.

III.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Graſp not at bloody fame from *war*;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempeſt black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain a *comet*, or a *ſtar*,
In commerce this, or that in *war*,
Let Britons ſhout! earth, ſeas, and ſkies reſound!
Commerce to kindle, raiſe, preſerve,
And ſpirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the *throne** a voice through time renown'd.

V.

So fall from heaven the vernal ſhowers,
To chear the glebe, and wake the flowers;
The bloom call'd forth ſees azure ſkies diſplay'd;
The *bird* of voice is proud to ſing,
Induſtrious *bees* ply every wing,
Diſtend their cells, and urge their golden *trade*.

VI.

Trade once extinguiſh'd, Britain's ſun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He ſhines in vain! her iſle 's an iſle *indeed*,
A *ſpot* too ſmall to be o'ercome;
Ah, dreadful ſafety! wretched doom!
No foe will *conquer* what no foe can *feed*.

* The King's ſpeech, Jan. 13, 1729-30.

VII. Trade

VII.

Trade 's the ſource, ſinew, ſoul of all;
Trade 's all herſelf; hers, hers, the ball;
Where moſt unſeen, the goddeſs ſtill is there;
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze,
The courtier's pomp! the ſtudent's eaſe!
'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the war.

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punic oar. Behold it riſe
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordials from his *naval* art
Sent the ſtrong ſpirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric Merchant graſp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the ſoil, and built the dome,
In which his Majeſty *firſt* deign'd to dwell;
The walls with *ſilver* ſheets o'erlaid,
Rich, as the ſun, through gold *unweigh'd*,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column ſwell.

X.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the labouring earth ſhould groan,
Beneath yon load *: *created* ſure, not *made!*
Servant and *rival* of the ſkies!
Heaven's arch alone can higher riſe:
What hand immortal raiſ'd thee?—*Humble* Trade.

* St. Paul's, built by the produce of the coal-tax; as were 49 other churches and the Monument. St. Paul's alone was raiſed at the expence of 736,752 l. 2 s. 3½ d.

XI. Where

XI.

Where hadſt thou been, if, left at large,
Thoſe ſinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,
Had caught at *pleaſure* on the flowery green?
If they that watch'd the midnight ſtar
Had ſwung behind the rolling car,
Or *fill'd* it with diſgrace, where hadſt thou been?

XII.

As by *repletion* men conſume,
Abundance is the miſer's *doom*;
Expend it *nobly*; he that lets it *ruſt*,
Which, paſſing numerous hands, would *ſhine*,
Is not a *man*, but living *mine*,
Foe to the *gods*, and rival to the *duſt*.

XIII.

Trade barbarous lands can poliſh fair;
Make *earth* well worth the *wiſe* man's care;
Call forth her foreſts, *charm* them into fleets;
Can make *one houſe* of human race;
Can bid the diſtant poles embrace;
Hers, every ſun; and India, India meets.

XIV.

Trade Monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts;
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer ſtill to ſhine;
Enacts thoſe guards of gain, the *laws*;
Exalts ev'n Freedom's glorious cauſe.—
Trade! warn'd by Tyre, O make Religion thine!

XV. *You*

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid:
Why is heaven's ſmile, in *wealth*, convey'd!
Not to place vice, but virtues in our power:
Pleaſure *declin'd*, is *luxury*,
Boundleſs in *time* and in *degree*:
Pleaſure *enjoy'd*, the *tumult* of an *hour*.

XVI.

Falſe joy 's a diſcompoſing thing,
That jars on nature's trembling ſtring,
Tempeſts the *ſpirits*, and untunes the *frame*:
True joy, the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
A bright *ſerene* that calms the whole;
Which *they* ne'er knew, *whom* other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! *Religion* is the care
To grow as *rich*—as angels are;
To know *falſe* coin from *true*; to ſweep the *main*;
The *mighty ſtake* ſecure, beyond
The ſtrongeſt *tie* of *field*, or *fund*;
Commerce gives gold, *Religion* makes it *gain*.

XVIII.

Join, then, Religion to thy ſtore,
Or India's mines will make thee *poor*:
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-ſovereign iſle! proud *war* decline,
Trade patronize; what glory thine,
Ardent to *bleſs*, who could'ſt *ſubdue* mankind!

XIX. Rich

XIX.

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
By day, by *night*; the *ſtars* are thine;
Wear out the ſtars in trade! eternal run
From age to age, the noble glow,
A *rage* to gain, and to *beſtow*,
While ages laſt! in trade burn out the ſun!

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our fires ſent down
With toil, blood, treaſure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold:
Let Frobiſhers *, let Raleighs † fire!
O let Columbus' ſhade inſpire!
New worlds diſcloſe, with Drake ſurround an *old*.

XXI.

Columbus! ſcarce inferior fame
For thee to *find*, than heaven to *frame*
That womb of gold and gem: her wide domain,
An *univerſe!* her rivers, *ſeas!*
Her fruits, both men and gods to pleaſe!
Heaven's faireſt birth! and, but for thee, *in vain!*

* Sir Martin Frobiſher, an eminent navigator in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was born in the county of York. Conceiving that there was a north weſt paſſage to be diſcovered to China, he made ſeveral voyages to find it. In theſe, though he failed in his great deſign, ſeveral advantages accrued to the nation, being the firſt who ſailed through the ſtraights, which go by his own name. After ſerving his country in ſeveral expeditions and engagements, he received a wound at Croyzon near Breſt, which afterwards proved mortal, in the year 1594.

† Sir Walter Raleigh.

XXII. Worlds

XXII.

Worlds *ſtill unknown* deep ſhadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from nature's lap;
New glory pour on her Eternal Sire;
O noble ſearch! O glorious care!
Are ye not Britons? why deſpair?
New worlds are *due* to ſuch a godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's ſoul,
That Trade, as long as waters roll—
Ah! no; the gods chaſtiſe my raſh decree:
By great Eliza do not ſwear;
For thee, O George! the gods declare,
And thou for them! late time ſhall ſwear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as *ſtars*, with thee prevails;
Full be thy *fame*, as ſwelling *ſails*,
Conſtant, as tides, thy *mind*; as *maſts*, elate;
Thy *juſtice*, an unerring *helm*
To ſteer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy *numerous race*, ſure *anchor* of her ſtate!

STRAIN THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the moſt famed in hiſtory. The ſign Lyra. *What* the conſtellations are. Argo. The whale. The dolphin. Eridanus. The lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The Britiſh ladies cenſured. The moon. *What* the ſea is. *Apoſtrophe* to the Emperor. The Spaniſh armada. How Britain ſhould ſpeak her reſentment. *What* gives power. *What* navies do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. *Who* maſter of the world. *What* the hiſtory of the world is. The *genealogy* of glory. Miſtakes about it. Peace the merchant's harveſt. *Ships* of *divine* origin, *Merchants* ambaſſadors. The Briton's voyage. *Praiſe* the food of glory. Britain's record.

I.

BRITANNIA'S ſtate what bounds confine?
(Of riſing thought O golden mine!)
Mountains, *Alps*, *ſtreams*, *gulphs*, *oceans*, ſet no bound;
She ſallies till ſhe ſtrikes the ſtar;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave reſound.

II.

Small iſle! for Cæſars, for the ſon
Of Jove, who burſt from Macedon,
For gorgeous Eaſterns blazing o'er mankind;
Then, when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from *fable* ſhone:
They roſe to *Gods*, in *half* thy ſphere confin'd.

III. *Here*,

III.

Here, no demand for fancy's wing;
Plain truth's illuſtrious: as I ſing,
O hear yon *ſpangled harp* repeat my lay!
Yon *ſtarry lyre* has caught the ſound;
And ſpreads it to the *planets* round,
Who beſt can tell where ends Britannia's ſway.

IV.

The ſkies (fair-printed page!) unfold
The *naval* fame of heroes old;
As in a mirror ſhew th' adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by Gods, are writ in *ſtars*,
And noble *verſe*, that ſhall endure as long.

V.

The *ſkies* are *records* of the *main*,
Thence Argo liſtens to my ſtrain;
Chiron, for ſong renown'd, his noble rage
For *naval* fame and ſong renews,
As Britain's fame he *hears*, and *views*;
Chiron, the Shovell * of a former age.

* In ſome editions is the name of Berkeley inſtead of that of Shovell. Sir Cloudeſly Shovell was a brave ſeaman, who from the loweſt ſituation, by mere dint of ability and integrity, roſe to one of the firſt ſtations in the navy. He performed many gallant acts in the ſervice of his country, and was very unfortunately loſt on the rocks of Scilly, Oct. 22, 1707.

VI. The

VI.

The Whale (for late I ſung his praiſe)
Pours *grateful* luſtre on my lays;
How ſmiles Arion's friend * with *partial* beams!
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealouſies his ſmile ſubdue;
He fears a Britiſh rival in the Thames.

VII.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
To ſee his Britiſh brothers reign
As ſtars below: the Balance, George! from Thine,
Which weighs the *nations*, learns to weigh
More accurate the *night* and *day*;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to ſhine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court, ye *leſſer* lights!
How could the wiſe-man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair!
But, oh! you practiſe *ſhameful* arts;
Your own *retain*, *ſeize* others' hearts,
Pirates, not Merchants, are the Britiſh Fair.

IX.

This truth I ſwear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale Queen! be *fluſh'd* at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—" o'er the main
" To *ſhare* her empire is thy pride."
He, mighty power! who curbs the *tide*,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

* The Dolphin.

X. What

X.

What is the *main?* Ye Kings renown'd!
Britannia's *centre*, and your *bound:*
Auſtrian! where-e'er Leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home! And Britain's mine,
Where-e'er the ripening ſun can ſhine,
Parts are for *emperors*; for *her* the *whole*.

XI.

Why, Auſtrian! wilt thou hover ſtill
On doubtful wing, and want the ſkill
To ſee *thy* welfare in the *worlds?* Too late
Another Churchill thou may'ſt find,
Another Churchill, not ſo kind,
And other Blenheims, big with other *fate*.

XII.

Ill thou remember'ſt, ill doſt own,
Who reſcued an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou conſider'ſt, that the *kind* are *brave*;
Ill doſt thou weigh, that in Time's womb
A day may ſleep, a day of doom,
As great to *ruin*, as was that to *ſave*.

XIII.

How would'ſt thou ſmile to hear my ſtrain,
Whoſe boaſted *inſpiration*'s vain!
Yet what if my *prediction* ſhould prove *true?*
Know'ſt thou the *fatal pair* who ſhine
O'er Britain's trading empire? *Thine*
As one *rejected*; what, if one *ſubdue?*

XIV. What

XIV.

What *naval* ſcene adorns the ſeat
Of awful Britain's high debate *,
Inſpires her *councils*, and records her *power?*
The nations know, in glowing balls,
On ſinking thrones, the tempeſt falls,
When her auguſt aſſembled ſenates lour.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts ſo *bold!*
Would Britain have her anger told;
Ah! never let a *meaner* language ſound,
Than *that* which proſtrates human ſouls,
Through Heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And Nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.

XVI.

Not realms *unbounded*, not a *flood*
Of natives, not *expence* of blood,
Or *reach* of counſel gives the world a *lord:*
Trade calls *him* forth, and ſets him high
As mortal man o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keeneſt *ſword.*

XVII.

Nay, *her 's* the ſword! For *fleets* have *wings*;
Like lightning fly to *diſtant* kings;
Like Gods deſcend *at once* on trembling ſtates:
Is war proclaim'd? *Our* wars are hurl'd
To fartheſt confines of the world,
Surprize your ports, and *thunder* at your gates.

* The Spaniſh Armada in the Houſe of Lords; ſince engraved and publiſhed by Mr. Pine.

XVIII. The

XVIII.

The king of tempeſts, Æolus,
Sends forth his *pinion'd people*, thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly, they *roar*,
And carry *ſable clouds*, and *ſweep*
The land, the deſert, and the deep!
Earth ſhakes! proud *cities* fall! and *thrones* adore!

XIX.

The *Fools of Nature* ever ſtrike
On bare *outſides*; and loath, or like,
As *glitter* bids; in endleſs error vie;
Admire the *purple* and the *crown*:
Of human *welfare* and *renown*,
Trade 's the big *heart*; bright empire, but their *eye*.

XX.

Whence Tartar GRAND? or Mogul GREAT?—
Trade gilt their titles, pour'd their ſtate;
While Afric's black, laſcivious, ſlothful breed,
To claſp their *ruin*, fly from *toil*;
That meaneſt product on their ſoil,
Their *people* ſell: one half on t' other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's Wealth from Commerce rent,
Afric 's a glaring Monument:
Mid *citron* foreſts and *pomegranate* groves
(Curſt in a paradiſe!) ſhe pines;
O'er *generous* glebe, o'er *golden* mines
Her *beggar'd*, *famiſh'd*, tradeleſs native roves:

XXII. Not

XXII.

Not ſo thine, China, blooming-wide!
Thy numerous fleets might *bridge* the *tide*;
Thy *products* would exhauſt both India's mines:
Shut be *that* gate of Trade! Or (woe
To Britain's!) Europe 'twill o'erflow.——
Ungrateful ſong! Her growth * *inſpires* thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain! To *theſe*, and ſuch as theſe,
The *river* broad, and foaming *ſeas*
Which *ſever* lands to mortals *leſs* renown'd,
Devoid of *naval* ſkill or might;
Theſe ſever'd parts of earth *unite:*
Trade's the full *pulſe*, that ſends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O! could one *engroſſing* hand
The various ſtreams of Trade command,
That, like the ſun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful Power the world would brave,
Bold War, and Empire proud, his ſlave;
Mankind his ſubjects; and his *Will*, their law.

XXV.

Haſt thou look'd round the ſpacious earth?
From Commerce, Grandeur's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride, their ſhame, their riſe, their fall,
Time's whole *plain chronicle* is all
One *bright encomium*, undeſign'd, on Trade.

* Coffee.

XXVI.

Trade ſprings from Peace, and Wealth from Trade,
And Power from Wealth; of Power is made
The God on Earth: hail, then, the dove of Peace!
Whoſe olive ſpeaks the raging flood
Of war repreſs'd: what 's loſs of blood?
War is the death of Commerce and Increaſe.

XXVII.

Then periſh War!—Deteſted War!
Shalt thou make Gods? light Cæſar's ſtar?
What calls man fool ſo loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?—
Why not adore too, as divine,
Wide-waſting ſtorms, before the genial ſun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the Merchant's ſummer clear!
His *Harveſt!* harveſt *round* the year!
For Peace with laurel every *maſt* be bound;
Each *deck* carouſe, each *flag* ſtream out,
Each *cannon* ſound, each *ſailor* ſhout!
For Peace let every *ſacred ſhip* be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ſhips, of birth divine!
An angel drew the firſt *deſign*;
With which the Patriarch Nature's *ruins* brav'd:
Two worlds aboard, an old and new,
He ſafe o'er foaming billows flew:
The *Gods made* Human race; a *Pilot*, *ſav'd*.

XXX.

How ſacred too the Merchant's name!
When Britain blaz'd meridian Fame *;
Bright ſhone the *ſword*, but brighter trade gave law;
Merchants in *diſtant* courts rever'd,
Where prouder Stateſmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants Embaſſadors! and Thrones in awe!

XXXI.

'Tis *theirs* to know the *tides*, the *times*;
The *march* of ſtars; the *births* of climes;
Summer and Winter theirs; theirs *land* and *ſea*,
Theirs are the *ſeaſons*, *months*, and *years*;
And each a different *garland* wears:—
O that my ſong could add Eternity!

XXXII.

Praiſe is the ſacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of god-like deeds;
Immortal glory pays illuſtrious cares:
Whither, ye Britons! are ye *bound?*
O noble *voyage!* glorious *round!*
Launch from the Thames, and end among the ſtars.

XXXIII.

If to my *ſubject* roſe my *ſoul*,
Your fame ſhould laſt while oceans roll:
When other worlds in depths of time ſhall riſe,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May *they* Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her ſtory in the ſkies.

* In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens, ſing; ye Tritons, blow;
Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
Roll to my meaſures, O ye Starry Throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies; to the concert bound
From Pole to Pole! To Britain all belong.

THE MORAL.

The moſt happy ſhould be the moſt virtuous. Of *Eternity*. What Britain's arts ſhould be. *Whence ſlavery*.

I.

BRITAIN! thus bleſt, thy bleſſing know;
Or *bliſs*, in vain! the Gods beſtow;
Its *end* fulfil, *means* cheriſh, *ſource* adore:
Vain *ſwellings* of thy ſoul repreſs;
They moſt may *loſe*, who moſt *poſſeſs*;
Then let bliſs *awe*, and *tremble* at thy ſtore.

II.

Nor be too fond of life *at beſt*,
Her *chearful*, not *enamour'd* gueſt:
Let thought fly *forward*; 'twill gay proſpects give;
Proſpects immortal; that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Perſian pride,
And make it perfect *fortitude* to live.

III.

O for *Eternity!* a ſcene
To fair *adventurers* ſerene!
O! on that *ſea* to *deal* in pure renown!
Traffic with Gods! What tranſports roll!
What boundleſs *import* to the ſoul!
The poor man's *empire!* and the ſubject's *crown!*

IV.

Adore the Gods, and plough the ſeas:
Theſe be thy arts, O Britain! theſe.
Let *others* pant for an immenſe *command*;
Let *others* breathe war's fiery God;
The proudeſt *victor* fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious, while Heaven-born Freedom laſts;
Which Trade's ſoft ſpurious daughter blaſts;
For what is Tyranny? A monſtrous birth
From Luxury, by bribes careſs'd,
By glowing Power in *ſhades* compreſs'd;
Which *ſtalks* around, and chains the *groaning* earth.

THE

THE CLOSE.

This *subject* now first sung. *How* sung. Preferable to Pindar's subjects. How Britain should be sung by *All*.

I.

THEE, Trade! I *first*, who boast no store,
Who owe thee nought, *thus* snatch from shore,
The shore of Prose, where thou hast slumber'd long;
And send thy flag triumphant down
The tide of Time to sure renown;
O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.

II.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme,
Why, then, unsung? My *simple* aim
To dress *plain sense*, and fire the *generous blood*;
Not sport imaginations vain,
But list, with yon ethereal train,
The shining Muse, to serve the *public good*.

III.

Of *ancient art* * and *ancient praise*,
The *springs* are open'd in my lays:
Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng,
And think their glory sung anew;
Till chiefs of *equal* fame they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

* — Tibi res antiquæ Laudis, & Artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes;
Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen. VIRG.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
As far ſurpaſt, as *uſeful* cares
Tranſcend diverſion *light* and glory *vain:*
The wreath fantaſtic, ſhouting throng,
And panting ſteed, to him belong,
The *charioteer's*, not *empire's* golden reign.

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muſe deſpiſe
That *would* to glowing Ætna riſe
(Such Pindar's breaſt), thou Theron of *our time!*
Seldom to man the Gods impart
A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart;
In life, or ſong, how rare the true *Sublime!*

VI.

None *Britiſh-born*, will ſure diſdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot ſtrain,
Though not with *genius*, with *ſome* virtue crown'd;
(How vain the Muſe!) the *lay* may laſt,
Thus twin'd around the Britiſh Maſt,
The Britiſh Maſt, with *nobler* laurels bound!

VII.

Weak *ivy* curls round naval *oak*,
And ſmiles at wind and ſtorm unbroke;
By ſtrength *not hers* ſublime: thus, proud to ſoar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my *ſtrain*;
And lives, and echoes through the *plain*,
While o'er the *billow* Britain's thunders roar.

VIII. Be

VIII.

Be dumb, ye *grovcling* Sons of Verſe,
Who *ſing* not actions, but *rehearſe*,
And *fool* the Muſe with *impotent* deſire;
Ye ſacrilegious! who preſume
To tarniſh Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her Hero's fire.

THE CHORUS.

"Ye Syrens, ſing; ye Tritons, blow;
"Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
"Roll to my meaſures, O ye Starry Throng!
"Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
"Ye Navies! to the concert bound
"From Pole to Pole; to Britain all belong;
"Britain to Heaven; from Heaven deſcends my ſong.

THE FOREIGN ADDRESS:

OR,

The beſt ARGUMENT for PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY

THE BRITISH FLEET,

AND THE

POSTURE OF AFFAIRS,

When the PARLIAMENT met, 1734.

"Muſa dedit FIDIBUS Divos, Puerosque Deorum.
HOR.

THE

FOREIGN ADDRESS.

YE guardian Gods! who wait on Kings,
And gently touch the ſecret ſprings
Of riſing Thought; ſolicit, I beſeech,
For a poor Stranger, come from far;
Procure a ſuppliant traveller
Eaſe of acceſs, and the *ſoft hour* of ſpeech.

II.

'Tis gain'd: Hail, *Monarchs* great and wiſe!
From diſtant climes and duſky ſkies,
O'er Seas, and Lands I flew, your ear to claim:
Yours is the ſun, and purple vine;
Deep in the frozen North I pine;
Nor vine, nor ſun, could warm me like my theme.

III.

A theme, how great! on yonder tide,
A leafleſs foreſt ſpreading wide,
The labour of the deep, my Muſe ſurveys:
A Fleet, whoſe empire o'er the wave,
You grant, Time ſtrengthens, Nature gave;
Now bi gwith death, the terror of the ſeas!

IV.

Ye great by ſea! ye ſhades ador'd!
Who fir'd the bomb, and bath'd the ſword,
Ariſe! ariſe! ariſe! 'tis Britain charms:
Ariſe, ye boaſt of former wars!
And, pointing to your glorious ſcars,
Rouze me to *verſe*, your martial ſons to *arms*.

V.

'Tis done: and ſee, ſweet Clio brings
From heaven her deep-reſounding ſtrings:
Clio! the † God, which gave thy charming *ſhell*,
Demands its moſt exalted ſtrain,
To ſing the Sovereign of the Main:
Of Ocean's Queen, what *wonders* wilt thou tell?

VI.

Such wonders as may paſs for ſport,
Or viſion, in a Southern Court: [glow.
But, *mighty Thrones!* thoſe truths which make me
Your fathers ſaw, your ſons ſhall ſee,
Then quit your infidelity;
Some truths 'tis better to *believe*, than *know*.

VII.

Believe me, *Kings!* at Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove, and wood,
Huge *oaks* ſtalk down th' unſhaded mountain's ſide;
The lofty *pines* aſſume new forms,
Fly round the globe, and live in ſtorms;
And tread and triumph on the wandering tide.

* Neptune.

VIII. She

VIII.

She nods again: the labouring Earth
Discloses a stupendous birth:
In smoaking rivers runs her molten *ore*;
Thence, monsters of enormous size,
And hideous nature, frowning rise;
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

IX.

These ministers of wrath fulfill,
On empires wide, an Island's will;
If friends insulted, or sworn treaties broke,
Or sacred Reason's injur'd cause;
Or Nations' violated laws,
Britannia's vengeance, and the Gods provoke.

X.

As yet, Peace sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannon slumber, at the world's desire:
But, give just cause, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

XI.

Then Furies rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of nature, spight of Jove,
While all-serene, and hush'd above,
The boisterous winds in azure chambers sleep.

XII. This

XII.

This, this, my *Monarchs!* is the ſcene
For hearts of proof, for Gods of men;
Here war's whole ſting is ſhot, while heart is ſpent!
You ſport in arms; how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame,
How her ſtorms languiſh on the continent!

XIII.

A ſwarm of deaths, the mighty bomb
Now ſcatters from her glowing womb;
Now the chain'd bolts, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd with an expanding blaſt,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and maſt,
And leave a ſing'd and naked hull behind.

XIV.

Now—but I'm ſtruck with pale deſpair:
My Patrons! what a burſt was there!
The ſtrong-ribb'd barks at once diſploding fly!
Inſatiate Death! compendious Fate!
Deep wound to ſome brave bleeding ſtate!
One moment's *guilt*, a thouſand Heroes die.

XV.

The great, gay, graceful, young, and brave,
(Short obſequies!) the ſable wave
Involves in endleſs night. Ye graveleſs dead!
Where are your conqueſts? now you rove,
Pale, penſive, through the coral grove,
Or ſhrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

XVI. While

XVI.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
Of fragrant blooms their gardens ſpoil,
Low lie the brows for which the wreath's deſign'd,
In *ſea-weed* wrapt: alas! how vain
The hope, the joy, the care, the pain,
The love, and godlike valour of mankind?

XVII.

Of braſs his heart who durſt *explore*,
Lockt up in triple braſs, and more,
Who, when explor'd, the ſecret durſt *explain*,
How, in one inſtant, at one blow,
The maiden's ſigh, the mother's throe,
Of half a widow'd land, to render vain.

XVIII.

See! yon cowl'd *Fryar* in his cell,
With ſulphur, flame, and crucible;
And can the charms of gold that Saint inſpire?
O curſed cauſe! O curs'd event!
O wondrous power of *accident!*
He rivals Gods, and ſets the globe on fire.

XIX.

But the rank growth of modern ill,
Too well deſerv'd *that* fatal ſkill;
The ſkill, by which *deſtruction* ſwiftly runs;
And ſeas, and lands, and worlds lays waſte,
With far more terror, far more haſte,
Than ancient Nimrod, and his haughty ſons.

XX. In

XX.

In frown and force, *old* War muſt yield;
The *chariot-ſcyth'd*, which mow'd the field,
The *ram*, the caſtled *elephant* were tame;
Tame to rang'd *ordnance*, which denies
Superior terror to the ſkies;
And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame.

XXI.

The *flame*, the *thunder*, and the *cloud*,
The *night by day*, the *ſea of blood*,
Hoſts whirl'd in air, the *yell*, the *ſinking throng*,
The *graveleſs dead*, an *ocean warm'd*,
A *firmament by mortals ſtorm'd*,
To wrong'd Britannia's angry brow belong.

XXII.

Or do I dream, or do I rave?
Or do I ſee the gloomy cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
The ſwarthy Gods of *toil* and *heat*,
Loud peals on mountain-anvils beat,
While panting tempeſts rouze the roaring flame.

XXIII.

Ye ſons of Ætna! hear my call;
Let your unfiniſh'd labours fall;
That ſhield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue;
Suſpend your toils, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magick of my ſong,
Drop the *feign'd* thunder, and attempt the *true*.

XXIV. Begin;

XXIV.

Begin; and, firſt, take winged *flight*,
Fierce *flames*, and clouds of thickeſt *night*,
And trembling *terror*, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the North his *roar*,
Mix *groans*, and *death*; one viol pour
Of dread Britannia's *wrath*, and it is made.

XXV.

Yet, Peace celeſtial! may thy charms,
Still fire our breaſts, though clad in arms:
If ſcenes of blood avenging Fates decree,
For Thee the ſword brave Britons wield;
For Thee charge o'er th' embattled field;
Or plunge through ſeas, through crimſon ſeas, for Thee.

XXVI.

Ev'n now for peace the Gods are preſt;
We woo the nations to be bleſt;
For peace, victorious Kings! we call to you:
For peace, on pinions of the *dove*,
Soft emblem of eternal love!
Through wintery, black, tempeſtuous ſkies I flew.

XXVII.

My * former lays of rough contents,
Of waves, aud wars, and armaments,
Were but as peals of ordnance to confeſs
Your height of dignity; to clear
Your deaf, your *late*-obſtructed ear;
And wake attention to more *mild addreſs*.

* The foregoing Stanzas.

XXVIII. Have-

XXVIII.

Have I not heard *You both* declare,
Your ſouls deteſt the purple war,
And melt in anguiſh for the world's repoſe?
Hail then, all hail! your wiſh is crown'd,
Your god-like zeal through time renown'd,
Through Europe bleſt; with joy her heart o'erflows.

XXIX.

Your friend, your brother of the North,
To meet your arms, comes ſmiling forth,
And leads ſoft-handed Peace: how powerful He!
His numerous race, the bloſſoms bright
Of golden empire, radiant ſight!
Endleſs beam-on into eternity.

XXX.

What *long* allies!—The virgin train,
Your moſt obdurate foes may gain:
See, how their charms in *lineal* luſtre ſhine?
Through every *genuine* branch, the Sire
Has darted rays of temper'd fire;
The Mother breath'd ſoft air, and bloom divine.

XXXI.

How fair the Field! ye Aonian Bees *!
The flowers ambroſial fondly ſeize,
Luxurious draw the ſweet Hyblean ſtrain;
That Gods may lean from Heaven to hear,
And my *thron'd* Patrons raviſh'd ear
The ſoul's rich nectar drink, and thirſt again.

* Ye Poets.

XXXII. Ev'n

XXXII.

Ev'n mine, They *taste*; and with ſucceſs:
Ambition's fumes my ſtrains repreſs;
The *fever* flies; no noxious thoughts ferment;
No *frenzy*, taking friends for foes;
The pulſe ſubſides; they ſeek repoſe:
Nor I my winged embaſſy repent.

XXXIII.

No: by the blood of Blenheim's plain,
I ſwear, the rumour'd war is vain;
Shall Gallic faith and friendſhip ever ceaſe?
I ſwear, by Europe's lovely dread,
I ſwear, by great Eliza's ſhade,
The *wiſe* Iberian is the friend of Peace.

XXXIV.

Yet, leſt I fail (for Prophets old,
Not all *infallibly* foretold)
We ſet our naval terrors in array.
Know, Britons! an Auguſtus reigns;
If foes compel, ſend forth your chains,
While haughty thrones, uncenſur'd, might obey.

XXXV.

O could I ſing as you have fought,
I'd raiſe a monument of thought,
Bright as the ſun!—How you burn at my heart!
How the *drums* all around,
Soul-rouzing reſound!

Swift

Swift drawn from the thigh,
How the *ſwords* flame on high!
How the *cannon*, deep knell!
Fates of kingdoms foretell?
How to battle, to battle, ſick of feminine art,
How to battle, to conqueſt, to glory, we dart!

XXXVI.

But who gives conqueſt? He, whoſe *ray*
To darkneſs ſinks the blaze of day;
Whoſe boundleſs *favour* far out-flows the main;
Whoſe *power* the raging waves can ſtill!—
O curb more rebel human will,
With peace, O! bleſs us, or in war ſuſtain.

XXXVII.

Doſt Thou ſuſtain?—Ye twinkling fry!
That ſwim the ſeas, glide gently by;
Though your ſcales glitter, though your numbers ſwarm,
Ah! gently glide, for life's dear ſake:
Nor dare Leviathan awake,
Who ſpouts a river, and who breathes a ſtorm.

XXXVIII.

Would *you* a nation's genius know?
Alike her Bards and Warriors glow:
High ſounds my ſong? Immortal breathes the lyre?
Along the chords *that* ardour runs,
Which ſtings Britannia's ruſhing ſons
To flaming deeds — might nobler Lays inſpire.

XXXIX. If

XXXIX.

If ſtill vain hopes of conqueſt ſwell;
How vain ev'n conqueſt, ponder well:
It ſtains, it brands, but when the cauſe is good:
Are you not *men?* Think, what are they,
Your wanton wars reduce to clay;
Nor lay the Summer's duſt with *kindred* blood.

XL.

Is there a charm in dying groans?
See yonder vale * of human bones!
The *generous* heart would melt, that won the day:
Would melt, and, with the Prophet, cry,
"To breathe new ſouls, ye Zephyrs, fly;
"Ye winged brothers, all! haſte, haſte away."

XLI.

Frown *you?* Frown on; your hour is paſt!
The ſignal wafted in *that* blaſt,
Speaks Britan's awful Senate met: beware,
Leſt, in her ſcale (the womb of right!)
With all your arms, you're found too light,
Till *ſmiles* encreaſe that weight your *frowns* impair.

XLII.

For mark the ſcene of deep debate,
Where Britons ſit on Europe's fate;
What *loom'd* exploit adorns it, and inſpires?
The walls, the very walls adviſe;
Each mean, degenerate thought chaſtiſe;
And rouze the ſons with all their fathers' fires:

* Ezek.

XLIII. Teach

XLIII.

Teach them the ſtyle *they* us'd of old.
Would Britain have her anger told?
O! never let a meaner language ſound,
Than that which through black æther rowls,
Than that which proſtrates human ſouls,
And rocks pale realms, when angry Gods have frown'd.

XLIV.

Gods, and their nobleſt offspring *here*,
Soft terms refus'd, impoſe *ſevere*:
Ye nations! know; know, all ye ſceptred powers!
In ſulphurous night, and maſſy balls,
And floods of flame, the tempeſt falls,
When Pride *preſumes*, and Britain's Senate lowers.

XLV.

A brighter æra is begun!
Our fame advances with the ſun!
A Virgin Senate blooms! Her boſom heaves
With ſomething great, with ſomething new;
Something our god-like fires may view,
And not abaſh'd ſhrink back into their graves.

XLVI.

No! Britain's ſlumbering Genius wakes;
What other Churchills? other Drakes?—
What Caſtle nods? what Lilies ceaſe to ſmile?
What Lion roars? what Fleets in flight?
What Towns in flames? (prophetic ſight!)
What Eagle mounting from the burning pile?

XLVII. And

XLVII.

And now, who cenſures *this* Addreſs?
Thus, Crowns, States, Common-men, make peace:
They ſwell, ſooth, double, dive, ſwear, pray, defy:
And when rank Intereſt has prevail'd,
And Artifice the treaty ſeal'd,
Stark Love and Conſcience own the baſtard tie.

XLVIII.

Ambaſſadors, ye *mouths* of Kings!
Ye *miſſive* Monarchs! Empire's *wings!*
What though the Muſe *your* province proudly choſe?
'Tis a reprizal fairly made,
Her province you long ſince invade,
Ye perfect Poets! in the vale of Proſe.

XLIX.

More ſafe, O Muſe! that humble vale,
Than the proud ſurge, and ſtormy gale:
Thy dangerous ſeas with wrecks are cover'd o'er:
Dulneſs and Frenzy curſe thy ſtreams,
Rocks, infamous for murder'd names!
O! ſtrike thy ſwelling ſails, and make to ſhore.

L.

While warmer climes, in cooler ſtrains,
On tented fields, or duſty plains,
The bleeding horſe, and horſeman hurl to ground:
'Tis mine to ſing, and ſing the *firſt*,
That mighty ſhock, that dreadful burſt
Of war, which bellows through the ſeas profound.

LI. Nor

LI.

Nor mean the ſong, or great my blame;
When *ſuch* the Patrons, *ſuch* the Theme,
Who might not glow, ſoar, paint, with rage divine?
Truth, ſimple Truth, I proudly dreſt,
In Fancy's robe; her flowery veſt
Dipt in the curious colours of the Nine.

LII.

But, ah! 'tis paſt: I ſink; I faint:
Nor more can glow, or ſoar, or paint;
The refluent raptures from my boſom roll;
To Heaven returns the ſacred Maid,
And all her golden viſions fade,
Ne'er to reviſit my tumultuous ſoul.

LIII.

My vocal Shell! which Thetis form'd
Beneath the waves, which Venus warm'd
With all her charms (if antient tales be true),
And in thy pearly boſom glow'd,
Ere Pæan ſilver chords beſtow'd;
My Shell! which Clio gave, which Kings applaud,
Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
Adieu, Pacific Lyre! my *laurel'd* Thrones! adieu.
Hear, Atticus! your Sailor's ſong; I ſing, I live for you.

MISCEL-

REFLECTIONS

ON

THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM,

ADDRESSED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Written in the Year 1745.

Originally printed as a Conclusion to the NIGHT THOUGHTS,

REFLECTIONS

ON THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM, 1745.

INSCRIBED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illuſtrious in far more than power.
Great things are ſmall when greater riſe to view.
Though ſtation'd high, and preſs'd with public cares,
Diſdain not to peruſe my ſerious ſong, 5
Which peradventure may puſh by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counſels leſs mature;
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor ſhall or Europe or Britannia blame 10
Thine abſent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in ſenates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of uſe to thoſe, ſo this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs, 15
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatneſs prove its title to be great.
'Tis Power's ſupreme prerogative to ſtamp
On others' minds an image of its own.

Bend the ſtrong influence of high place, to ſtem 20
The ſtream that ſweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian ſtream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou may'ſt give life to Virtue's cauſe;
Let not the ties of perſonal regard
Betray the nation's truſts to feeble hands: 25
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our ſtreets with blaſphemies reſound,
Nor Lewdneſs whiſper where the laws can reach:
Let not beſt laws, the wiſdom of our ſires, 30
Turn ſatires on their ſunk degenerate ſons,
The baſtards of their blood! and ſerve no point
But, with more emphaſis, to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine ſupport. 35

Such deeds the Miniſter, the Prince, adorn;
No power is ſhown but in ſuch deeds as theſe:
All, all is impotence but acting right;
And where's the ſtateſman but would ſhew his power?
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal! 40
Be it henceforward but thy ſecond care
To grace thy country, and ſupport the throne;
Though this ſupported, that adorn'd ſo well,
A throne ſuperior our firſt homage claims;
To Cæſar's Cæſar our firſt tribute due: 45
A tribute which, unpaid, makes ſpecious wrong
And ſplendid ſacrilege of all beſide:
Illuſtrious follows; we muſt firſt be juſt;
And what ſo juſt as awe for the Supreme?

Leſs

Leſs fear we rugged ruffians of the North, 50
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
Leſs Loyola's diſguis'd, all-aping ſons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Leſs all the legions Seine and Tagus ſend,
Than unrein'd paſſions ruſhing on our peace: 55
Yon' ſavage mountaneers are tame to theſe.
Againſt thoſe rioters ſend forth the laws,
And break to Reaſon's yoke their wild careers.
Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Though ſome ſeem more importunate and great. 60
Though Britain's generous views and intereſts ſpread
Beyond the narrow circle of her ſhores,
And their grand entries make on diſtant lands;
Though Britain's Genius the wide wave beſtrides,
And, like a vaſt Coloſſus, towering ſtands 65
With one foot planted on the Continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Though ſuch high cares ſhould call as call'd of late;
The cauſe of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop a while; 70
For greater drop it: ponder and adjuſt
The rival intereſts and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
Sublimeſt theme; and needful as ſublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd, 75
Thus Walſingham and Raleigh (Britain's boaſts!),
Thus every ſtateſman thought that ever—*dy'd*.
There 's inſpiration in a ſable hour,
And Death's approach makes politicians wiſe.

When, thunderſtruck, that eagle Wolſey fell; 80
When royal favour, as an ebbing ſea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gaſping grandeur! naked on the ſtrand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Aſſiſtance; no more wallowing in his wealth, 85
Spouting proud foams of inſolence no more,
On what, then, ſmote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And ſunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article, the ſum of things!
The point of the firſt magnitude! that point 90
Tubes, mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud ſtill intercepts their ſight.
Firſt right to judge; then chuſe; then perſevere,
Stedfaſt, as if a crown or miſtreſs call'd.—
Theſe, theſe are politics will ſtand the teſt, 95
When finer politics their maſters ſting,
And ſtateſmen fain would ſhrink to common men.
Theſe, theſe are politicks will anſwer now,
(When common men would fain to ſtateſmen ſwell)
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's ſcheme. 100
All ſafety reſts on honeſt counſels: theſe
Immortalize the ſtateſman, bleſs the ſtate,
Make the prince triumph, and the people ſmile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
Cloſe-leagu'd with an invincible ally 105
Which honeſt counſels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land;
A land—that ſtarts at ſuch a land as this,
A parliament, ſo principled, will ſink

All

All ancient ſchools of empire in diſgrace 110
And Britain's glory, riſing from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud Fame's ſuperior ſong.
Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins;
Awakes the ſoul, and ſends her to the field, 115
Enamour'd of the glorious face of Death.
Britain!—there 's noble magic in the ſound.
O what illuſtrious images ariſe!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By ſea, by land, at home, in foreign climes, 120
What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
Ye radiant Trophies! and imperial Spoils!
Ye Scenes!—aſtoniſhing to modern ſight!
Let me, at leaſt, enjoy you in a dream.
Why vaniſh? Stay, ye godlike ſtrangers! ſtay. 125
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
High beats the pulſe; the noble pulſe of War
Beats to that ancient meaſure, that grand march,
Which then prevail'd, when Britain higheſt ſoar'd,
And every battle paid for heroes ſlain. 130
No more our great fore-fathers ſtain our cheeks
With bluſhes; their renown our ſhame no more.
In military garb, and ſudden arms,
Up ſtarts Old Britain; croſiers are laid by;
Trade wields the ſword, and Agriculture leaves 135
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harveſts fire
A nobler avarice, avarice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.

In diſtant courts is our commotion felt;
And leſs like gods ſit monarchs on their thrones. 140
What arm can want or ſinews or ſucceſs,
Which, lifted from an honeſt heart, deſcends,
With all the weight of Britiſh wrath, to cleave
The Papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every ſtroke, and ſave a ſinking land? 145
Or death or victory muſt be reſolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds, the crucifix diſplay'd
Fools think heaven purchas'd by the blood they ſhed;
By giving, not ſupporting, pains and death! 150
Nor ſimple death! where they the greateſt ſaints
Who moſt ſubdue all tenderneſs of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whoſe darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The beſt turn ruthleſs butchers for our ſakes; 155
To ſave us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themſelves with earth content:
What modeſty!—ſuch virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly thoſe who Rome's firſt honours wear,
Whoſe name from Jeſus, and whoſe arts from hell! 160
And ſhall a Pope-bred princeling crawl aſhore,
Replete with venom, guiltleſs of a ſting,
And whiſtle cut-throats, with thoſe ſwords that ſcrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched ſuſtenance,
To cut his paſſage to the Britiſh throne? 165
One that has ſuck'd-in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?

Leſs

Leſs ſavage was his brother-robber's nurſe,
The howling nurſe of plundering Romulus,
Ere yet far worſe than Pagan harbour'd there. 170
Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain ſtill:
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent Heaven!
Nature's anointed Empreſs of the deep!
The nurſe of merchants, who can purchaſe crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exuberant ſource 175
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To ſet high bloom on the fair face of Peace!
This once ſo celebrated ſeat of power,
From which eſcap'd the mighty Cæſar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blaſt!
This terror of Armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repreſs the vain
Salmonean thunders from the Papal chair!
This ſmall iſle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe!
Which ſays to their ambition's foaming waves,
"Thus far, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
Renown, our anceſtors' great legacy,
To be tranſmitted to their lateſt ſons. 190
By thoughts inglorious, and un-Britiſh deeds,
Their cancel'd will is impiouſly profan'd,
Inhumanly diſturb'd their ſacred duſt.
Their ſacred duſt with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This ſacred iſle, 195
Cut from the Continent, that world of ſlaves;

This temple built by Heaven's peculiar care,
In a recefs from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard.
And dedicated, long, to Liberty, 200
That health, that ftrength, that bloom, of civil life!
This temple of ftill more divine; of faith
Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew Truth's heavenly ftamp,
And (rifing both in luftre and in weight) 205
With her blefs'd Mafter's unmaim'd image fhine;
Why fhould fhe longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's fword,
And give him leave, among his daftard troops, 210
To mufter that ftrong fuccour, Albion's crimes?
Send his felf-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conquefl of her fiercefl foes?
Where are her foes mofl fatal? blufhing Truth,
"In her friends' vices,"—with a figh replies. 215
Empire on Virtue's rock unfhaken ftands;
Flux, as the billows, when in vice diffolv'd.
If Heaven reclaims us by the fcourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim, 220
But be the revolution—in our hearts!

Would'ft thou (whofe hand is at the helm) the bark,
The fhaken bark of Britain, fhould out-ride
The prefent blaft, and every future ftorm?
Give it that balaft which alone has weight 225

With

With him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
Perſiſt. Are others ſubtle? thou be wiſe:
Above the Florentine's court-ſcience raiſe;
Stand forth a Patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the juſt: 230
Thus ſtrengthen Britain's military ſtrength;
Give its own terror to the ſword ſhe draws.
Aſk you, "What mean I?"—The moſt obvious truth;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once diſarm'd, diſarm'd 235
Of aid from Him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from Him by whom the feeble ſtand;
Who takes away the keeneſt edge of battle,
Or gives the ſword commiſſion to deſtroy;
Who blaſts, or bids the martial laurel bloom— 240
Emaſculated, then, moſt manly might;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd Weakneſs foils the ſinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted power:
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields 245
With travel'd banners fanning ſouthern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the meaſure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince moſt dauntleſs, the firſt plume of war,
By ſuch bold inroads into foreign lands, 250
Such elongation of our armaments,
But ſtretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While Heaven commands her executioner,
Some leſs abandon'd nation to diſcharge

Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow, 255
And tell the world "Not ſtrong is human ſtrength;
"And that the proudeſt empire holds of Heaven."

O Britain! often reſcued, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit or moſt ſanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war, or ſweet in peace! 260
Know from what ſource thy ſignal bleſſings flow.
Though bleſs'd with ſpirits ardent in the field,
Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
Thy truſt repoſe in a far ſtronger guard; 265
In him who thee, though naked, could defend;
Though weak, could ſtrengthen; ruin'd, could reſtore.

How oft', to tell what arm defends thine iſle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds ſnatch'd the victory from War? 270
Or, rather, won the day, when War deſpair'd?
How oft' has providential ſuccour aw'd,
Aw'd while it bleſs'd us, conſcious of our guilt?
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too! 275

Well may we tremble now; what manners reign?
But wherefore aſk we, when a true reply
Would ſhock too much? Kind Heaven! avert events
Whoſe fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heaven's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been wav'd
In northern ſkies, and pointed to the ſouth. 281
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;

Brews

Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the ſuſpended ſtorm. 285
" That public vice portends a public fall"—
Is this conjecture of adventurous Thought?
Or pious Coward's pulpit-cuſhion'd dream?
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What ſays Experience, in her awful chair 290
Of ages, her authentic annals ſpread
Around her? What ſays Reaſon, eagle-ey'd?
Nay, what ſays Common Senſe, with common Care
Weighing events, and cauſes, in her ſcale?
All give one verdict, one deciſion ſign; 295
And this the ſentence Delphos could not mend:
" Whatever ſecondary props may riſe
" From politics, to build the public peace,
" The baſis is the manners of the land.
" When rotten theſe, the politician's wiles 300
" But ſtruggle with deſtruction, as a child
" With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
" The ſtateſman's arts to conjure up a peace,
" Or military phantoms void of force,
" But ſcare away the vultures for an hour; 305
" The ſcent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
" The ſtench of profligates!) ſoon lures them back;
" On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
" Soon they return; ſoon make their full deſcent;
" Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin; 310
" Their idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our ſpoils,

" Of

"Of universal empire sure presage!
"Till now repell'd by seas of British blood."
And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair, 315
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of state Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
In ranks inferior, passive to the stroke: 320
From the court-mint, all hearts the current coin,
The pulpit presses, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and strong
To duty, double duty, are the great!
And are there Samsons that can burst them all? 325
Yes, and great minds that stand in need of none,
Whose pulse beats virtues, and whose generous blood
Aids mental motives, to push-on renown,
In emulation of their glorious sires,
From whom rolls down the consecrated stream. 330
Some sow good seeds in the glad people's hearts,
Some cursed tares, like Satan, in the text:
This makes a foe most fatal to the state;
A foe who (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes, 335
Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boasted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by second-sighted Scots,
French Magi, relics riding post from Rome,
A Gothic hero * rising from the dead, 340

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

And

And changing for ſpruce plaid his dirty ſhroud,
With ſuccour ſuitable from lower ſtill)
A foe who, theſe concurring to the charm,
Excites thoſe ſtorms that ſhall o'erturn the ſtate,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root, 345
And lay the boaſt of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with ſumleſs wealth
And blood illuſtrious, (ſpite of her La Hogues,
Her Creſſeys, and her Blenheims) in the duſt.
How muſt this ſtrike a horror through the breaſt,
Through every generous breaſt where honour reigns,
Through every breaſt where honour claims a ſhare?
Yes, and through every breaſt of honour void?
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into ſpirit; give them fire 355
To fight the cauſe, the black opprobrious cauſe,
Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the ſtream of Time
Swept, with their vices, from the mountain height
Of grandeur, deify'd by half mankind, 360
To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant Infamy's eternal brand!
Thoſe names, at which ſurrounding nations ſhook,
Thoſe names ador'd, a nuiſance! or forgot!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye, 365
But Nature's courſe; no ſingle chance againſt it.
For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fixt, as is the baſis of the world,
Whoſe kingdoms ſtand or fall by the decree.

What

What ſaw theſe eyes, ſurpriz'd?--Yet why ſurpris'd?--
For aid divine the criſis ſeem'd to call, 370
And how divine was the monition given!
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace diſturb'd by rumours from the North,
While thunder, o'er my head, portentous, roll'd, 375
As giving ſignal of ſome ſtrange event,
And Ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
Albion the Fair! ſo long his empire's queen,
Whoſe reign is, now, conteſted by her foes,
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright, 380
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
By Fate's own iron pen I ſaw it writ,
And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

"Ye States! and Empires! nor of empires leaſt,
"Tho' leaſt in ſize; hear, Britain! thou whoſe lot,
"Whoſe final lot, is in the balance laid!
"Irreſolutely play the doubtful ſcales, [from me,
"Nor know'ſt thou which will win.—Know, then
"As govern'd well or ill, ſtates ſink or riſe:
"State-miniſters, as upright or corrupt, 390
"Are balm or poiſon in a nation's veins;
"Health or diſtemper; haſten or retard
"The period of her pride, her day of doom:
"And though for reaſons obvious to the wiſe,
"Juſt Providence deals otherwiſe with men, 395
"Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,

"'Tis

" 'Tis fix'd! by Fate irrevocably fix'd!
" Virtue and Vice are Empire's life and death."
Thus it is written.—Heard you not a groan?
Is Britain on her death-bed?—No, that groan 400
Was utter'd by her foes.—But ſoon the ſcale,
If this divine monition is deſpis'd,
May turn againſt us. Read it, ye who rule!
With reverence read; with ſtedfaſtneſs believe;
With courage act as ſuch belief inſpires; 405
Then ſhall your glory ſtand like Fate's decree;
Then ſhall your name in adamant be writ,
In records that defy the tooth of Time,
By nations ſav'd, reſounding your applauſe.
While deep beyond your monument's proud baſe,
In black Oblivion's kennel, ſhall be trod
Their execrable names, who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, moſt ominouſly ſhine,
(The meteors of the ſtate!) give Vice her head,
To licenſe lewd let looſe the public rein; 415
Quench every ſpark of conſcience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applauſe:
Or who to the firſt bidder ſell their ſouls,
Their country ſell, ſell all their fathers bought
With funds exhauſted and exhauſted veins,
To demons, by his Holineſs ordain'd
To propagate the goſpel—penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd through the world by conſecrated bulls;
And how illuſtrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,

Down

Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and ſwallows all they ſwore to ſave:
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that deſtin'd hell, 430
Inflicted here, ſince here their beings end;
And fall from foes deteſted and deſpis'd,
On diſbelievers—of the Stateſman's Creed.

Note, here, my Lord (unnoted yet it lies 435
By moſt, or all) theſe truths political
Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
Seconds, and irreſiſtibly ſupports,
The Chriſtian Creed. Are you ſurpriz'd?—Attend;
And on the Stateſman's build a nobler name. 440

This punctual juſtice exercis'd on ſtates,
With which authentic chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore muſt believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exiſt, 445
What is it but an argument of ſenſe,
Or rather demonſtration, to ſupport
Our feeble faith—"That they who ſtates compoſe,
"That men who ſtand not bounded by the grave,
"Shall meet like meaſure at their proper hour?" 450
For God is equal, ſimilarly deals
With ſtates and perſons, or he were not God;
What means, a rectitude immutable?
A pattern ſure of univerſal right.

What

What, then, ſhall reſcue an abandon'd man? 455
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
Reply'd by politicians well as prieſts:
Writ ſacred ſet aſide, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; theſe pronounce his doom.

Thus (what might ſeem a daring paradox) 460
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True maſters there are better ſcholars here.
Who travel hiſtory in queſt of ſchemes.
To govern nations, or perhaps oppreſs,
May there ſtart truths that other aims inſpire, 465
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By Providence turn Chriſtians on their road:
Digging for ſilver, they may ſtrike on gold;
May be ſurpriz'd with better than they ſought,
And entertain an angel unawares. 470

Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the ſtateſman's praiſe.
All wiſdoms are but branches of the chief, 475
And ſtateſmen ſound but ſhoots of honeſt men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuſe
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with ſuch an eye
As ſuits a ſtateſman, ſuch as keeps in view 480
His own exalted ſcience, both conſpire
To recommend and fix us in the right.

If we regard the politics of Heaven,
The grand adminiſtration of the whole,
What's the next world? a ſupplement of this: 485
Without it, juſtice is defective here;
Juſt as to ſtates, defective as to men:
If ſo, what is this world? as ſure as right
Sits in Heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too; 490
His prophecy more precious than his ſmile.
How comes it then to paſs, with moſt on earth,
That this ſhould charm us, that ſhould diſcompoſe?
Long as the ſtateſman finds this caſe his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete; 495
In danger he; nor is the nation ſafe,
But ſoon muſt rue his inauſpicious power.

What hence reſults? a truth that ſhould reſound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear:
"Religion crowns the ſtateſman and the man, 500
"Sole ſource of public and of private peace."
This truth all men muſt own, and therefore will,
And praiſe and preach it too:—and when that's done,
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
What Highland pole-axe half ſo deep can wound? 505

But how dare I, ſo mean, preſume ſo far?
Aſſume my ſeat in the Dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inſpir'd),
Promulge my cenſures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarſe in clamour on enormous crimes? 510

Two

Two mighty columns rise in my support;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane and sacred, drown the Muse,
Though loud, and far out-threat her threatening song.
Still farther, Holles! suffer me to plead
That I speak freely, as I speak to thee.
Guilt only startles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise.
Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.

Praise, and immortal praise, is Virtue's claim; 520
And Virtue's sphere is action: yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
Whose clangor kindles cowards into men.
Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids, 525
In every British breast, true glory rise,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To close, my Lord! with that which all should close
And all begin, and strike us every hour,
Though no war wak'd us, no black tempest frown'd.—
The morning rises gay; yet gayest morn
Less glorious after night's incumbent shades;
Less glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the first feeble dawn of Moral day; 535
Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend)
Though the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns;
Sole day worth his regard whom Heav'n ordains,

Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the ſun's death, and every planet's fall, 540
His all-illuſtrious and eternal year;
Where ſtateſmen and their monarchs, (names of awe
And diſtance here) ſhall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

October 1745.

MIS-

MISCELLANIES.

On MICHAEL ANGELO's famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION;

Who is ſaid to have ſtabbed a Perſon, that he might draw it more naturally *.

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvaſs dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies:
The daring Artiſt, cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek and the diſtorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every ſpirit as it flies:
He ſtudies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouze up every pang; repeats his blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! oh nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught:
Such wondrous force the magic colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts in horror loſt.

* Though the report was propagated without the leaſt truth, it may be ſufficient ground to juſtify a poetical fancy's enlarging on it.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON

THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we ſee! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will poſterity this truth explain!
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign."
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Riſe in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illuſtrious deeds, in diſtant nations wrought,
And virtues, by departed heroes taught,
Raiſe in your ſoul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and conſecrate your fame:
To your renown all ages you ſubdue,
And Cæſar fought, and Cato bled for you.

All Souls Coll. Oxon.

A LET-

A LETTER
TO MR. TICKELL,
Occaſioned by the Death
OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ. 1719*.

—*Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.* VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In ſocial arts and ſacred friendſhip join'd;
Fair Iſis' ſorrow, and fair Iſis' boaſt,
Loſt from her ſide, but fortunately loſt;
Thy wonted aid, my dear Companion! bring, 5
And teach me thy departed friend to ſing:
A darling theme! once powerful to inſpire,
And now to melt, the Muſes' mournful choir:
Now, and now firſt, we freely dare commend
His modeſt worth; nor ſhall our praiſe offend. 10
Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And raviſh'd Iſis liſten'd to his ſtrain.
See, ſee, ſhe cry'd, old Maro's Muſe appears,
Wak'd from her ſlumber of two thouſand years:
Her finiſh'd charms to Addiſon ſhe brings, 15
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers ſings.
All read tranſported his pure claſſic page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.
The State, when now his riſing fame was known,
Th' unrival'd genius challeng'd for her own, 20
Nor would that one, for ſcenes of action ſtrong,
Should let a life evaporate in ſong.

* See Dr. Young's account of Mr. Addiſon's death, vol. V. p. 137.

As health and ſtrength the brighteſt charms diſpenſe,
Wit is the bloſſom of the ſoundeſt ſenſe:
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inſpir'd, 25
With quickneſs pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conſcious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themſelves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they eſteem a gay but worthleſs power,
The ſlight amuſement of a leiſure hour; 30
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majeſtic Wiſdom wears the bright diſguiſe.
Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;
Lightly ſhe toy'd and trifled with his charms, 35
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
Who greateſt excellence of thought could boaſt,
In action, too, have been diſtinguiſh'd moſt:
* This Sommers knew, and Addiſon ſent forth
From the malignant regions of the North, 40
To be matur'd in more indulgent ſkies,
Where all the vigour of the ſoul can riſe;
Through warmer veins where ſprightlier ſpirits run,
And ſenſe enliven'd ſparkles in the ſun.
With ſecret pain the prudent patriot gave 45
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the ſtars reſign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in ſea and wind.
Auſonia ſoon receiv'd her wondering gueſt,
And equal wonder in her turn confeſs'd, 50

* Lord Sommers procured a penſion for Mr. Addiſon, which enabled him to proſecute his travels.

To

To ſee her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her luſtre beaming from a northern ſoul:
In like ſurprize was her Æneas loſt,
To find his picture grace a foreign coaſt.
Now the wide field of Europe he ſurveys, 55
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and conſummate thought;
Great work! by Naſſau's favour cheaply bought.
He now returns to Britain a ſupport,
Wiſe in her ſenate, graceful in her court; 60
And, when the public welfare would permit,
The ſource of learning, and the ſoul of wit.
O Warwick! (whom the Muſe is fond to name,
And kindles, conſcious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright, 65
How early didſt thou catch his radiant light!
By him inſpir'd, how ſhine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!
On ſome warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A roſe-bud opens to a ſummer's morn, 70
Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride diſplays,
And ſhews th' abundance of her purple rays.
Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, ſurpriz'd, her fruitful branches ſee;
Or, orange-like, till his auſpicious time 75
It grew indeed, but ſhiver'd in our clime:
He firſt the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her uſe. 80

When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old Bards could scarce invent, 85
Who durst to frame a world by accident.
What he has sung, how early, and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
Since such his talents, that he sung no more. 90
No fuller proof of power th' Almighty gave,
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.
Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end;
To rouze the war for injur'd Europe's laws, 95
To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bowers of bliss above.
Where hadst thou room, great Author! where to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal soul? 100
Thro' paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel,
"How could a mortal essence think so well?"
But why so large in the great writer's praise? 105
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise;
In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend!
His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race. 110

In

In joy once join'd, in ſorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verſe, thy mournful due;
Thou farther ſhalt the ſacred theme purſue;
And, as thy ſtrain deſcribes the matchleſs man, 115
Thy life ſhall ſecond what thy Muſe began.
Though ſweet the numbers, though a fire divine
Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
Who ſtrives not for that excellence he draws,
Is ſtain'd by fame, and ſuffers from applauſe. 120
But haſte to thy illuſtrious taſk; prepare
The noble work well truſted to thy care,
* The gift bequeath'd by Addiſon's command,
To Craggs made ſacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays, 125
The ſcatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him ſo true, ſo truly lov'd,
In life diſtinguiſh'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a-while
In generous anguiſh o'er the glorious pile; 130
With anxious pleaſure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal ſuſpend?
Think not, O Patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow, 135
Thoſe cares ſuſpended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country ſhown;
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addiſon.

* The publication of his works.

EPITAPH

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK*,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1740.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep:
As men, as Britons and as soldiers, mourn;
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate;
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires:
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar;
And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

* Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was the eighth son of the Duke of St. Alban's, who was one of the sons of King Charles the IId. He was born in the year 1711; and, being regularly bred to the sea service, in 1731 he was appointed to the command of his Majesty's ship the Ludlow Castle; and he commanded the Prince Frederick at the attack of the harbour of Carthagena, March 24, 1740-1. This young nobleman was one of the most promising commanders in the King's service. When on the desperate attack of the castle of Bocca Chica, at the entrance of the said harbour, he lost his life, both his legs being first shot off. The prose part of the inscription on his monument was the production of Mrs. Mary Jones of Oxford; who also wrote a poem on his death, printed in her Miscellanies, 8vo. 1752.

EPI-

EPITAPH

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

Reader,
If fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an *honest man*,
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend, James Barker;
To whom I pay this mean memorial,
For what deserves the greatest.
An Example
Which shone through all the clouds of Fortune,
Industrious in low estate,
The lesson and reproach of those above him.
To lay this little stone
Is my ambition;
While others rear
The polish'd marbles of the great!
Vain pomp!
A turf o'er virtue charms us more.
E. Y. 1749.

The above was the epitaph as originally written by Dr. Young. What was inscribed on the stone now remaining in the church-yard of Welwyn, was only the following;

Here lies my friend JAMES BARKER,
Who was poor in LIFE,
But rich in DEATH.
E. Y. 1749.

ORATIO

HABITA

IN SACELLO COLLEGII OMNIUM ANIMARUM

Junii Die 20, Annoque 1716.

CUM JACTA SUNT

BIBLIOTHECÆ FUNDAMENTA*.

Ab EDV. YOUNG, LL.B.
Coll. Om. Anim. Socio.

"Tectum, augustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis
"Urbe fuit summâ." VIRG.

Edita rogatu HÆREDIS dignissimi.

* Codringtonianæ.

The Library, of which the foundations were laid when this following Oration was pronounced, was bequeathed to the Univerſity of Oxford, by Chriſtopher Codrington, a native of the iſland of Barbadoes. He early came to England, and received his education firſt at a private ſchool, and afterwards at Oxford, where he was admitted a Probationer Fellow of All Souls College, in 1689. Quitting the Univerſity, although without relinquiſhing his Fellowſhip, he entered upon the profeſſion of a ſoldier; and ſoon recommended himſelf to the notice of his Prince, by whom he was honoured with promotion, and with whom he continued in very high eſtimation. On the concluſion of the peace of Ryſwick, he was appointed Captain General and Governor in Chief of the Leeward Caribbee Iſlands. Some time before his death, he reſigned his government, and retired to the enjoyment of a ſtudious and learned courſe of life, which ended at his ſeat in Barbadoes, on the 7th of April, 1710. He was buried firſt in the church of St. Michael in that iſland; but afterwards re-interred on the 19th of June, 1716, in the Chapel of All Souls Oxford, where two Orations were ſpoken by two Fellows of that college; the one by Digby Cotes, the Univerſity Orator, at his interment; the other by Dr. Young, at the time above-mentioned. Both theſe Orations were printed together in 8vo 1716. The books, left by Colonel Codrington to this library, are ſaid to have been of 6000l. value.

TO THE LADIES OF THE CODRINGTON-FAMILY,

Present at the Laying the FOUNDATION-STONE.

LADIES,

YOU are surprized, and justly, to find yourselves *here*, in such very new circumstances, formidably inclosed by Latin, in the midst of Strangers, that do not so much as speak your own tongue. You may seem to yourselves, like the beautiful family of Darius (which you have so often admired), respectfully distressed, and as it were made prisoners by one that pretends to wait on you with his esteem. Or rather you may appear, like the fair Sabines, (you know the story) caught at a *solemnity* to which you were invited, and detained in Roman districts without your consent. To encrease these your false apprehensions of danger and distress, the

Criticks, it is not improbable, make an outcry, and half draw their pens in your favour. They vow it is an unheard-of, irregular, and barbarous usage; and, like bold *Knight Errants*, will break your *fancied* bonds, and rescue the lovely and innocent captives from a castle *in the air*. As it is usual for the *Combatant* first to look on the scene of battle, then to turn aside and collect himself, before he enters on it; so will I speak a word to another purpose, then enter with resolution on this perilous point, and look incensed *criticism* in the face.

Our Great *Benefactor*, and, Ladies, (to rise in his titles) your *relation*, cannot receive more respect than is due. He has so deserved of mankind, and *us* in particular, that all marks of Gratitude and Esteem are to be thought of. Every thing sacred to his memory, and designed in his honour, should be made as publick as his character, and travel round the world with his fame. A *private* celebration of a CODRINGTON carries a degree of detraction in it, and takes away a distinction between him and less illustrious persons. The meanness of a performance must not be its *excuse*, for not doing homage to his excellencies in the face of the world. Shall my want of *genius* rob *him* of a debt, and pass perhaps with some for *his* want of *merit*? *This* Performance is principally to *discharge* our *duty*,

not

not to *raiſe* our *credit:* No, nor *his* neither. If it was, that might be another handle of *excuſe*. But CODRINGTON's name ſtands of itſelf, independent of others' abilities. A ſmall capacity may ſhew an *inclination* to advance it, and the greateſt (ſuch is its luſtre) can do no more; and that which the beſt praiſe cannot *improve*, the worſt cannot *injure*.

Inclined by theſe conſiderations, and the requeſt of thoſe who are entitled to command, I, who, though unworthy, had the honour to ſpeak on the late great occaſion, and greater ſtill by *your* preſence, have condemned the following thing to the preſs; nor would I, through regard to my own reputation, be any way wanting to our *ſecond founder's* glory. But ſome there are who ſeem to think that the publication of *trifles* wants no apology; by ſuch, I beg to be excuſed, for this *their* deviation, for I think it none at all.

When I had once determined to *print*, my buſineſs was to hide the ſlenderneſs of the performance, and ſend it abroad in ſome *importance* foreign to its own worth. My art was, Ladies, to throw over it ſomething like (with reſpect be it mentioned) a *hoop-petticoat*, to ſwell it into notice, and make it ſtrut in the reader's imagination beyond itſelf. Nothing then certainly ſo proper as a *female* patronage? and who, in that kind,

kind, can blame my choice? What other name could make it a more ſpecious *impoſition*, or carry it into the world with greater credit? Nor is it more than juſt, that you who robbed me of my audience when I *ſpoke* (for who could attend when you were preſent?) ſhould give me my readers now I *print*.

But, to give the word of battle, I write in a *learned tongue*;—Yes, and therefore I write to *you*. Not becauſe you underſtand it, but becauſe, I hope, you do not. For it is, I fear, my intereſt not to be too well underſtood by thoſe whoſe favour I ſeek; I am ſure it is your intereſt not to be led into inconveniencies, the *patron's* common fate, through a colour of reſpect. From ſome of the *patron's* inconveniencies you will be freed, by my *odd* method of inſcribing to you a piece in a ſtrange language. By *this method* I give an opportunity, to you ever welcome, of ſhewing *good nature* without *violence* to your *opinion*; I exempt you from the hard neceſſity of putting *yourſelves*, or the *writer*, out of countenance. You may favour the *unworthy* without balme; nay to your commendation, ſince pure *humanity* inclines you to it, and *judgement* does not interpoſe.

Beſides theſe, there are many weighty motives to *this practice*. Is it nothing to have it ſaid in after-time, that you were the *firſt* that received

the patronage of what you did not underſtand, and what is more, perhaps the *laſt* alſo? Is it nothing to nettle the *Critick*, who will be in wrath that this thing has the impudence to be ſo very right, though it never came into his thought, and borrows no excellence from being *old?* Is it nothing, Ladies, to fling the aukward creature into ſuch a reſentment, as no *maſk* can hide, no *fan* can cool? Then this new *method* will neceſſarily occaſion many queſtions; and he that ſtarts queſtions concerning you, only praiſes *with delicacy*, for all muſt be reſolved to your glory. But it will indeed unavoidably fling me into a *ſingularity*, it will oblige me to write an *epiſtle dedicatory*, void of *common-place*, and which was never publiſhed before by any author whatever. But that is a trifle to its good *effects*. It will be a ſnare to ſome very *fine gentlemen* to pretend they underſtand Latin. They will be ambitious of telling you what I *gibber*, in my outlandiſh ſpeech, of your great relation; they will civilly imagine, and utter ſomething very handſome that *might* be there, ſhewing at once their *ignorance* and *parts*. As *this practice* by this means would promote *mirth*, ſo by other means would it promote *learning* alſo. I muſt inform you, Ladies, that there are ſome amongſt us who are excluded the patronage of the fair by their *profound ſcholarſhip*; they are well qua-

lified

lified to introduce themſelves at a *learned* and *eaſy* rate, by others *merit* and their own *labour*; they can give a Seneca or a Plato in his beſt dreſs, and neat from the receſſes of antiquity; but they know not well how to *ſtoop*, or rather *riſe*, to the leſs pompous quality of thinking for themſelves. Now ſhould this *new method* prevail, how would ſuch a ſhining ſcene opened to their ambition incite their induſtry! how would the glory of laying Greek or Hebrew in a fair hand, without pricking it, without giving offence, puſh on their labour! With what pleaſure would they examine a liſt of toaſts for a *patron* to Ariſtotle, and debate what complexion would caſt on his *metaphyſicks* the faireſt light! Each new *beauty* would publiſh an *Ancient*; and the admiring *editor* would ſee through all the difficulties of *criticiſm*, as much by the aſſiſtance of his fair patroneſs's eyes as his own. And as *this method* would give us the ancients, ſo I do not deſpair but that it might poliſh ſome moderns alſo. Since I expect the *dedication* ſhould be Engliſh, though the *work* be not, this method would be a temptation to ſome very learned men, great reſtorers of Greek and Latin, to attain the accompliſhment of being able to write a page in their *mother-tongue*. Again, ſince it will be odd to ſee the *tranſlation* in the young gentleman's ſtudy, and the *original* in his ſiſters', I hope *this*

practice

practice will check the immoderate uſe and uſurpation of *tranſlation* amongſt us; which begins not ſo much to illuſtrate and endear, as to ſupplant and dethrone the *original*. I would fain have Tully turn Roman, and recover his Latinity among men of education. Without any diſrepect to, nay, out of pure value for, the excellence of Engliſh poetry, I would not have our curioſity ſtop ſhort of Trapp * in Latin, and Pope in Greek.

I ſhall add but one motive more, but that very ſubſtantial. *This practice* abſolves you from any obligation of reading what is preſented to you. To theſe *reaſons* I ſhall join one authority, and that of weight. The bookſeller, ſince I will not be ſo kind as to write up to a public cenſure, approves of *this*; he ſays it will make people ſtare, it is abſurd enough, and perfectly right.

On theſe accounts, and many more, I do not only juſtify myſelf in what I have done, but recommend to ſome others alſo the ſaving practice of flinging a veil over their ſenſe, and keeping it as much a ſecret as they can from thoſe whoſe good opinion they eſteem; this practice, to ſhew my charity, I recommend in a particular manner to ſuch as ſhall *criticiſe* on me for *it*.

* Dr. Joſeph Trapp, author of Abramule, and tranſlator of Virgil and Milton. He was profeſſor of poetry ſome time in the Univerſity of Oxford.

But

But if after all that has been ſaid, if after all the deluſion I have raiſed, *this* muſt not be permitted to paſs for a dedication of any thing, but myſelf (for I know not how far the humour may bear); then *that* which I chiefly deſigned cannot be miſtaken, or overlooked. How ought we to eſteem the relations of our munificent benefactor! a gentleman truly great, as a ſoldier, a ſcholar, and a prince; for, in his high ſtation abroad, he was no leſs; a gentleman, to bring the fullneſs of his glory within a word, whoſe conſanguinity is no ſmall honour even unto *you*. To the fair relations of ſuch a noble ſpirit, I was greatly deſirous of ſhewing my gratitude, and ſincere reſpect; and of thanking them for the late great and particular honour they did our, or rather, to ſpeak proudly, CODRINGTONS' ſociety. If the occaſion I have taken for it appear proper, vouchſafe your ſmile, and all is well; if, which is likelier, I want art to make it appear as *ſuch*, I can turn my defeat to ſome account, and enjoy a little the *badneſs* of the opportunity; ſince it more effectually declares with what impatient zeal I am,

Ladies,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

EDW. YOUNG.

ORATIO.

ORATIO.

CUM nec uberrima mihi contingit dicendi materies, nec feliciori manu penitùs intacta, non eſt, Auditores digniſſimi, cur prolixam & ſplendidam expectetis Orationem a tenuitate & imperitiâ meâ. Quid enim de copioſiſſimis CODRINGTONI laudibus a Coteſio noſtro celebratis eſt reliquum mihi, præter prima murorum ſurgentium veſtigia, præter hoc, quod ſpectatis, marmor? Sed *vos* adeſtis: A *quibuſdam* vel audiri magnum eſt; & afflatûs divini nequaquam expers. Si quid igitur paulò fœcundius, ſi quid ab Oratoris dignitate minùs abhorrens ore rudi, & inexercitato forſitan exciderit, apud *vos* ſit omnis, ut oportet, gloria. Si quid de BIBLIOTHECA minus *indoctum*, ſi quid poſt Coteſium minùs auditoribus *inſulſum*, ſi quid in *hiſce* CODRINGTONI *laudibus* minùs *humile*, ſi quid *coràm vobis inelegans* minùs, a me proferetur, vobis omnibus, vel potiùs, Academici, ut favorem veſtrum mihi conciliem magis * *hiſce ſolis* acceptum refero. Ne quis tamen adulationis in-

* Adfuerunt Fœminæ Generoſæ Codringtono cognatæ.

ſimulet,

ſimulet, ſuccenſere me fateor, quod Hoſpites hæ ſuaviſſimæ dum Oratoris *vim* ſuppeditant, *ambitionem* Oratoris angunt. Augent hanc *frequentiam*, *Auditores* minuunt; vel *præſentes* mihi denegant; oculis enim attentis adeò, peregrinentur aures, neceſſe eſt. In munere meo pergendum eſt tamen; & lætiùs, cum vires perpendo meas, quoniàm a perpaucis contigit audiri.

Ut mos eſt honeſtiſſimus, ſic & perantiquus quem hodierna ſecuta eſt feſtivitas. Humanum genus ætate præcedit. Cum terrarum orbis locata ſunt fundamenta, ſtellæ matutinæ cantum dederunt; & ingenti cum clamore ab univerſis Dei Filiis erupit gaudium. Magnarum rerum exordiis reverentia magna, lætitiaque pompa quædam debetur. Iis moliminibus, in ſemine ſuiſque principiis, frigidè & oſcitanter inhiare, quæ, commodum in eximium & publicum aliquando ſunt exitura, ſi non impiæ mentis, eſt ſaltèm puſillæ & generoſæ parùm. Sublatum Heroa veſpere heſterno quam juſtè deflevimus? quam juſtum deflendi modum hæc dies attulit? Vivit *hìc*, nec vitam brevem; vitam cui ſuperſtites dignentur invidere. Convenimus autem ad natalitia hujus exorientis gloriæ non eo fortaſsè, quem exoptaremus, ſplendore; ſed eo quem CODRINGTONUS amavit, quem coluit, quo

& ali-

& aliquandò fuerat indutus. Hoc recolenti multùm ornatiores, quam antea, videmur; & literatæ dignitatis insignia, novis, alienis, a tali viro mutuò sumptis honoribus & luce enitescunt; vel potiùs enitescerent, ni *has* præsentes, oblectatione sane periculosâ suspiceremus. Has—quonam nomine designandas putem? Ni foret *harum* imminutio videri quicquam, nisi quod reverà sunt, tantùm & loci hujus & occasionis monitui, gloriæque Musarum indulgerem, ut appellarem Muses. O Musas non Academicis solummodò colendas! Si vultus tales Musarum cohors semper extulisset, non habuisset quod in ipsâ barbarie timeret. *Tuam* Græciam, *Tuam* Romam, O Codringtone, conservâsset; & nunc dierum non resarsisses ruinas, sed florentissimam doctrinæ fortunam consummâsses; quam lautè, quam animosè ex hisce vel fundamentis, & adhùc equidem vix fundamentis, innotescit abundè.

In istoc verò Marmor, quod hic præsertim observandum venit, ut argumenti caput, oculos intendamus; nunc primùm, nunc supremùm nobis in conspectu est; mox etenim Mœnia in cœlum evecta gloriosissime tenebris damnabunt. Pax, salus, honor, imperium, Ecclesia Scientiis, & Artibus innituntur: Artes & Scientiæ huic fundamento. Et si parvum est quod loquimur, ab hoc assurrecturus est saxo Fundator inclytissimus;

quem

quem aſpici *vel in Marmore* humani generis intereſt, ſi tam pulchros in uſus apud illuſtrium imagines hodiè, quam olim, fervet Æmulatio. Effundantur ergo flores, innectantur corollæ—ſed nullus *aliunde* petitus honos, *unctiò* nulla in famam & conſecrationem hujus ſaxi deſideratur, quod *tale* nomen habet inſcriptum, * *tali* manu terra demandatur.

En *Hiſtoriam brevem*, ſacram poſteris, citatæ rerum humanarum vertigini probè quidèm accommodatam, ſperamus tamen inutilem. † *Hanc* etenim *notitiam intùs clauſam*, ſacrificiorum ritu gentilium, non niſi *interitu* ſuo hæc ſtrues aperiet? & ut fiat *oraculum*, neceſſe eſt, quod Dii averruncent, ut priùs fit *victima*. Dies autem, verendum eſt, advenient, in quâ decus hoc orbis literati, quod nondum eſt, non diutiùs erit. Hoc in loco ruinoſum, & informem cumulum amolita ſera *gens* hominum, niſu non minori quam hodie materiem elaboratam undiquaque collectam huc coacervamus, *lapidem hunc* inveniet; & gratitudinem noſtram eheu! quam parvam, quam magnam CODRINGTONI gloriam *hoc ſcripto* leget. Nec nullo leget negotio. Tenebris pulvereque deterſis, temporum diverſitas, & ipſarum forſan

* Hæredis digniſſimi.

† Inſcriptionem Marmoris terra defoſſi.

literarum

literarum imperitia nubem obducent alteram: CODRINGTONUM paulatim *excudet*; & de literulâ quâque in lucem reductâ *victoriam* quandam reportabit. Erit *doctrina*, nec multorum, illud scire, quod nunc ignorare (percrebuit adeo CODRINGTONI fama) quiddam habet difficile. *Hearnium alterum verbis mutilatis totum incumbentem, fortiter, obstinatè, contractis superciliis infixum, & temporibus suis hoc e Saxo ingenii sui vi vel duritie potiùs, lumen elidentem videor videre. Prout ipse nunc loquor, tacentibus vobis, hic lapis *docebit*, cum instructissimum hoc museum, proh dolor! desiit *docere*. Summa verò mali, quod veremur, hæc est: Quod *est* Capitolium, quod Lyceum, hæc *erit* BIBLIOTHECA.

Abeat nihilominus, & recedat præsaga mali mens, & quicquid omen sapit infaustum; omne lætum hic locus & occasio *rogat*; omne lætum *dat*, & animo depingit. Cum ima tellûris Heros Virgilianus subibat, ut in hoc ædificii profundum a nobis descenditur, fertur aspexisse futura sui generis lumina, & absenti gloriâ, victoriis, im-

* Hearnius fuit doctus Antiquarius, & industriæ summæ; vixit A. D. 1443. Hic Talpa eruditus egregia e tenebris eruit; multum scalpsit, Corrasit, & occultus ipse, literaturæ cumulos, naso satis acuto, in lucem edidit.

perio,

perio, e longinquò potitum fuiſſe. Ingentes domûs CODRINGTONIANÆ filios, Theologos, Medicos, Juriſconſultos ordine longo ſplendentique *hinc* procedentes, & noſtrum eſt aſpicere, & aſpectis triumphare. *Hos* Reipublicæ dat Fundator; donum ingens! ni *moriens* didiſſet: donum ingens! ni *jacturâ* minus. *Hos* dat Reipublicæ, & dat in perpetuum; uxore non auctus *mundum*, ut vir, amplexus eſt; non prole, poſteritatem adoptavit: eò magis ab humano genere deflendus, quod materiem in gaudia ſua tam abundantem ſuppeditandam curavit.

Fundamenta verò ſatis habemus inſpecta; ſe tandem tollat oratio, & in amplitudine ſuâ quaquaverſum diffusâ dilatis animis accipiamus opus abſolutum; & ſic abſolutum ut nec *Bodleium* præcedentem reformidat, nec ſuccedentem Ratcliffium. Alexandrino, Byzantino, Romano, non niſi tempore poſtponendum eſt hoc doctrinæ ſacrarium. En Aream abundè patentem in quâ longè latéque liberalitas expatietur, & ingens ſe circumagat mens CODRINGTONI; ſtupendam! *ſi ab alio.* Ecce plauſtrorum gementium pondus grave, montium parturientium fœtus enormes, & ampliſſima terræ decreſcentis ſpolia! Quantus pulvis adeſt, ſudor quantus! Futuræ venuſtatis *immensâ congerie*, laborat ſolum & ſepelitur.

" Mi-

Quam novum & aliis inausum *plusquam pollicetur* hoc lapideum chaos,

" —— Minæque
" Murorum ingentes, æquataque machina cœlo ?"

Hic & intus & extra fœcundissima laudis materies; & linguarum varietas, & Ædificii superbia Babel antiquum in mentem trahunt.

* Sublimis & perpolitæ illius structuræ vel in umbrâ sumus, nec abhinc longe magnificentia se recepit Sheldoniana. Hoc est vicinium, & vel in hoc vicinio non informes adeo nobis videmur; at vel sub *istius turris* supercilio satis augusto latentibus adhuc, & quodammodo depressis, parvos quosdam jactantiæ tumores non reprimendos ebullire, minime diffiteor. Si longius abfuisset magis se jactaret & præsul, & rex. Est danda tamen CODRINGTONO venia; aliâ ratione nunquam vel Præsulum, vel Regum majestatem imminuit; nunquam non ardentissime provexit. Quod admirantibus convenit, alia Collegia circumstant, & omne claudunt latus; circumstent, dum superant, & salva est Academia. † Quod propiùs a nobis abest, nitidissimum attollit caput, decantatum decus Academiæ! Decus est Academiæ fateor,

* Schol. Publ. † Coll. Reg.

ſed & Noſtrum: magnum enim majus, pulchrum pulchrius, majeſtatis non expers, majeſtatem pleniorem, oſtendit, & commendat. Et eſſemus ingrati, ni fateremur *iſtas ædes celeberrimas* non minus officioſi, & in rem noſtram conſulentis *proximi*, quam *æmuli* ſuperbi partes præſtitiſſe. * Surgit ex adverſo Ratcliffianæ liberalitatis monumentum: primævo *fidum* modulo, veteris Ædificii reverentiæ nihil detrahit. Obtinet antiquum per omnia: nulla ludit levitas, nulla tumet ambitio, nec tanto ſumptu quicquam affertur novi, niſi quod producta vetuſtatis ſunt inſignia, niſi quod Alfredi barba ſit aliquanto prolixior, ut ita dicam, & comptior fortaſſe quam non ita pridem fuit. Ædificant & alibì dumque ſæculis præeuntibus palmam eripiunt, haud indecora CODRINGTONIANÆ magnanimitatis edunt præludia. Sin cuiquam videar intumeſcere, & animum impotentem in ſpem iniquam relaxare, habeo quod ſecurus reponam; † *Tuis* ſub auſpiciis opus ingens initium ſumit; procuratione ‡ *tua*, læto fruitur progreſſu, ſibique feliciſſimum, nec arroganter te preſpecto, jamjam gratulatur exitum.

* Coll. Univ. † Cuſtodis.
‡ Doctoris G. Clark.

Nos

Nos autem Gothico pondere laboramus, & hirsuto nimis ingenio, in barbariem relabimur. *Illi* meram spirant Italiam, & delicatâ se limant elegantiâ. Sed quid si *vi* Septentrionali compta Ausonia rursus se victam fateatur? Sublimis est animi feliciter audere; tum vera laus profluit, cum pulchro rerum exitu simul & perculsi sumus, & decepti; cum inviti resipiscentesque laudamus. Frigidæ cujusdam *mediocritatis* est, si non *vitii*, cunctis placuisse. Vos, O Judices Eruditissimi, quod nonnulli nimium & delicatè sapiendo insipiunt, ne displiceat vobis *inceptum hoc consultissimum*. Ne vestræ, id est veræ laudis dispendio luat imperitiam vulgi; quod excellit tantopere, *huic*, precor, ignoscatis; Nec gloriæ suæ vitio detur, quod major sit, quam ut angustæ pusillæque menti se totam ingerat. Quo tardior accrescit hominum approbatio, eo, molis hujus instar operosæ, cum semel accrevit & fortior est, & diuturnior.

Spiritus *huic operi* liberalissimo par, e quam paucis est eximendus! Multi *doctrinam* omninò neglectui habent; multi respiciunt, sed non amant; amant multi, sed *propriam*; & aliorum multi, sed non omnium; & omnium multi, sed sumptibus alienis. Selectos animos hoc munus exigit; hinc fit quod Bibliothecæ Principes, plerumque

rumque Fundatores, interdum & Curatores habuere. Illis maximè cordi ſunt literæ, quorum intereſt maximè memoriam ſuam diffundi, tradique per ſæcula. BIBLIOTHECAM qui ponit *indoctus*, ſplendidam ſolummodo *pœnitentiam* agit; qui *pravus*, ſuo periculo ſpirat honeſtum, & inſtrumenta congerit, quibus ipſe puniatur.

Nôſtis, O Bibliothecis maximè verſati, minime carentes! quod BIBLIOTHECA eſt *templum elapſi* temporis gloriæ dicatum, *futuri* commodo. Eſt *acies* adverſus ignorantiam, & errores, per terrarum orbem conſcripta, benè inſtructa, nunquam non parata. *Hæc* eſt acies, O Britanni, quàm nulla dies, & vobis annuentibus, *exauctorabit*. Virtutem tribuit eruditione ſuâ, ſuâ remunerat voluptate. Secundas res ornat, lenit adverſas. Aut opes dat, aut dat quod majus, *non carere*. Hìc vivunt Veteres, hinc vota Poſteris. Viro dat eſſe magno, puſillo latere. Hìc vel nos amittimus, vel invenimus gloriam. Sheldoni, CODRINGTONI, Wakei hinc emergunt; hic ipſe memet occultabo. Hudſone noſter, hic *immortalitas* (in Oxonio deeſt cui me vertam, dicens) hic & *oblivio*.

Et ut *donum* hoc eximium *naturâ ſuâ magnum*, ſic *Auctore majus*. Accepimus enim BIBLIOTHECAM à *galeato*; à *togato* victoriam & triumphos. Hic orbi terrarum rependit arces, quas apud Namurcam, non ibi *magis victor* delevit. Illic

Rege teste, superbivit; hic loci, vobis. Sed quorsum abeo? Heroa *literatum* solummodo *meum* est delineare; & attendatis velim, quam magnus è CODRINGTONO vir excerpendus est, Aulico, Duce, Gubernatore salvis integrisque relictis.

In studiis ardens, ut id bello, simul in omnes literarum copias impetum fecit; omnes oppositus profligavit; & ab omni scientiâ, proprio marte Tyro noster Academicus retulit victoriam. Ut ab oculo suo, mirum in modum, sic & ab oratione, poesiquè (tanta vis inerat!) scintillæ videbantur absistere: num verbum est ardentius? de CODRINGTONO loquor: de CODRINGTONO loquens qui non incalescit, obliviscitur argumenti. Doctrinâ verò humaniori florentissimum quis ignorat? Per arida, obscura, salebrosa literarum celerem expedivit animum; CODRINGTONUS & in His. Ex variis operosam gloriam sibi cumulavit. In omnibus vehemens fateor (laudent alii) supra quod cuiquam credibile est: non vehementibus, vehementiam conciliavit; *vehementer* erat *doctus*. Mentis ejus lumen, fulgur magis quam stellam referebat: multum enim & vis & æstûs luce commiscuit; & nonnulli, qui splendorem ejus noluerunt *videre*, vel inviti *senserunt*. Nec Præsens solum & omnino noster, nostra curabat; velin belli fulmine

nos respexit; libris coëmendis satis amplos sumptus fecit quotannis; et ubi vitæ fuit oblitus, literaturæ consuluit. Cæsari (nec in hoc unicè) comparandus, quod unâ manu *fluctus tumentes* fortiter impulit, unâ gloriosè *scripta sustinuit*. Et quoniam Cæsaris mentionem feci, non erit abs re subjicere, quod vitæ clarissimæ spatium supremum extruendæ BIBLIOTHECÆ destinavit hic virorum maximus. Moriens autem opus verè imperatorium, cum terrarum orbe, legavit Augusto; prout mundi dominum decebat, hic exstruxit; & tamen post Augustum in eodem laudis campo, magnus est CODRINGTONUS. Doctrinæ licet, & inde conflati nominis avidissimus, nullis tamèn erat invidiæ stimulis, ut fere fit, agitatus. Vos, O Socii, testor, quibus invidisse culpâ pene vacasset; Te, Creeche, testor præ cæteris, in eleganti cœtu, nunquam obliviscende, nunquam non celebrande; Te testor, quod CODRINGTONUS eruditioni studuit non tantum *suæ*, & munificentissimè studuit. Suum effert Roma Lucretium, Britannia suum. Undè generosus ardor & mentis inexhausta vis in tam pulchra, tam ardua suppetebat? Sepositis unicè Memmio CODRINGTONOque, cunctis in promptu est dicere. O modestam, O pulchram *horum* ignorantiam! Maximâ, suâ scientiâ pulchriorem!

Sed

Sed ipſam reformido veritatem, ne dicti fides laboret; exciderem veritate, ſi veriſimilia tenerem: Scientèr admodùm inſtituit Addiſonus, qui heroa, ſolutam orationem ſublimi genio fugientem, vigore Poeſis attigit; & effuſis Muſarum opibus, virum non exornandum, enarravit. Si menti, judices, ignem inditum, ſi ſplendidum ingenium, ſi nominis amplitudinem, ſi bello vim, ſi vitam, (eheu! cur amico Lane defuiſti?) breviſſimam, ſi totum denique virum, in exiguo depingendum, uno verbo coarctandum mihi deſumpſerim, ducem præſtantiſſimum pulveri pyreo ab igne correpto conferre non timerem; *caluit, enituit, inſonuit, concuſſit, abivit.*

Codringtonum, qui *minimè* norunt, dicent fortaſſe, me multum in laudando fuiſſe, qui *probe*, brevem. Vos illius quondam Sodales & neceſſarii, non veſtrum eſt tam auſcultare quam me corrigere. Ad memoriam veſtram vos relego; veſtra cogitatio, eſt Oratio mea; Fio ſic demum eloquens, & argumento ſublimi par.

Quantus autem Codringtonus qualiſque prius audiſtis: et ab illo, quem, ipſe verba facturus, vos audiviſſe minimè vellem, ni viri *conjunctiſſimi* famam, longe prætulerim meæ. Elegantiam & ab *Hoſte* prædicandam! Quam molli eloquio, quam lenè fluenti, delicatè pronunciato,

ex animo humaniſſimè deprompto dolorem noſtrum flagrantem demulſit? Nec Oratoris laudi vos defuiſtis. In plauſu veſtro tum triumphabam; manu *pluſquam meâ* tum palmam arripui; & quamcunque feratis in animo de futilitate noſtrâ ſententiam, ſero nimis eſt hodie veſtram Indulgentiam mihi denegare.

Ad Te vero, Marmor, mei punctum argumenti, revertar, oportet; & ut unde ſit orſa, in eodem terminetur Oratio mea. O Marmor *chariſſimum!* Viri chariſſimi nomen gerens, *honoratiſſimum!* Fundatoris honoratiſſimi tibi famam ex parte commiſſam habens, *potentiſſimum!* & me ad Oratoris munus ſubeundum extimulans, valeas: molem tibi concreditam fortiter diuque ſuſtineas; & cum longa dies te luci reddet, (nam quid occultum longa dies non luci redditura?) notum facias fuiſſe CODRINGTONUM, & ſe præclarum dediſſe: ſed omnino talem, qualem nos experti ſumus, & antequam *hoc tam grande* meditatus eſt, non Tuum eſt enarrare: Imo, nec Ciceronis. Ciceronis, in facultate dicendi longè longéque principis. *Quem* multi theſauris effuſis ambiêre, nunquam nimirum inopes reputandi, quibus ſuperfuit Cicero; *quem* aurum & purpura & *pauper* oriens donis ſuis ſplendidiſſimis *profusè*, ſed & *parùm* ornavit; *quem* ſinu foverunt impe-

ratores,

ratores, & diadema decus habuerunt *ſecundum*; his indiciis gloriæ cumulatiſſimus, humanorum maximus auctorum nondùm aſſecutus eſt faſtigium, imo nec aſſecuturus, donèc claſſibus tuis collocetur, BIBLIOTHECA O Sumptuoſiſſima CHICHLEIO-CODRINGTONIANA.

A

DISCOURSE

ON

LYRIC POETRY.

ORIGINALLY PREFIXED TO

OCEAN, AN ODE.

ON

LYRIC POETRY.

HOW imperfect ſoever my own compoſition may be, yet am I willing to ſpeak a word or two of the nature of Lyric Poetry; to ſhew that I have at leaſt ſome idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged *; and that I do not think myſelf poet enough entirely to rely on inſpiration for my ſucceſs in it.

To our having, or not having this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as alſo the modeſty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And in ſpeaking of it I ſhall ſhew how it unavoidably comes to paſs, that *bad* Poets, that is, Poets in general, are eſteemed, and really *are*, the moſt vain, the moſt irritable, and moſt ridiculous ſet of men upon earth. But Poetry in its own nature is certainly

"— Non hos quæſitum munus in uſus."

VIRG.

* See the Ode, in vol. I.

He

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *muſt*: and yet he will be *vain*. For every little degree of beauty, how ſhort or improper ſoever, will be looked on fondly by him; becauſe it is all pure gains, and more than he promiſed to himſelf; and becauſe he has no teſt, or ſtandard in his judgement, with which to chaſtiſe his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is, in Poetry, more refined than in other kinds of writing; and becauſe more refined, therefore more difficult; and, becauſe more difficult, therefore more rarely attained; and the non-attainment of it is, as I have ſaid, the ſource of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity conſequentially flows that great ſenſibility of diſreſpect, that quick reſentment, that tinder of the mind that kindles at every ſpark, and juſtly marks them out for the "genus irritabile" among mankind. And from this combuſtible temper, this ſerious anger for no very ſerious things, things looked on by moſt as foreign to the important points of life, as conſequentially flows that inheritance of ridicule, which devolves on them, from generation to generation. As

ſoon

ſoon as they become authors, they become like Ben Jonſon's angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

" —Concordes animæ—dum nocte prementur;
" Heu quantum inter ſe bellum, ſi lumina vitæ
" Attigerint, quantas acies, ſtragemque ciebunt!
" Qui Juvenes! quantas oſtentant, aſpice, vires.
" Ne, Pueri! ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella.
" Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
" Syderio flagrans clypeo, & cœleſtibus armis,
" Projice tela manu, ſanguis meus!
" Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipſe Typhœus
" Arduus, arma tenens; non te Meſſapus & Ufens,
" Contemptorque Deûm Mezentius."

VIRG.

But to return. He that *has* this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however ſucceſsful he is, will yet be *modeſt*; becauſe to riſe up to that idea, which he propoſed for his model, is almoſt, if not abſolutely, impoſſible.

Theſe two obſervations account for what may ſeem as ſtrange, as it is infallibly true; I mean, they ſhew us why good writers have the loweſt, and bad writers the higheſt, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance or knowledge of it is greater or leſs, have

have proportionable degrees of modeſty or conceit.

Nor, though natural good underſtanding makes a tolerably juſt judgement in things of this nature, will the reader judge the worſe, for forming to himſelf a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his peruſal of it.

The Ode, as it is the eldeſt kind of Poetry, ſo it is more ſpiritous, and more remote from Proſe than any other, in ſenſe, ſound, expreſſion, and conduct. Its thoughts ſhould be uncommon, ſublime, and moral; its numbers full, eaſy, and moſt harmonious; its expreſſion pure, ſtrong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other Poems; its conduct ſhould be rapturous, ſomewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order, and connexion, which gives form and life to *ſome* compoſitions, takes away the very ſoul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and ſelect thought, are indiſpenſable; an humble, tame, and vulgar Ode is the moſt pitiful error a pen can commit.

"Muſa dedit Fidibus divos, pueroſque Deorum."

And as its ſubjects are ſublime, its writer's genius ſhould be ſo too; otherwiſe it becomes the meaneſt

meaneſt thing in writing, *viz.* an involuntary burleſque.

It is the genuine character and true merit of the Ode, a little to ſtartle ſome apprehenſions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to miſtake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taſte in their judgements; and, like perſons of a tender ſight, they look on bright objects, in their natural luſtre, as too glaring; what is moſt delightful to a ſtronger eye, is painful to them. Thus Pindar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Ariſtotle or Euclid, to ſome critics has appeared as mad; and muſt appear ſo to all who enjoy no portion of his own divine ſpirit. Dwarf-underſtandings, meaſuring others by their own ſtandard, are apt to think they ſee a monſter, when they ſee a man.

And indeed it ſeems to be the amends which nature makes to thoſe whom ſhe has not bleſſed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable miſtake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehenſions and reliſh.

Judgement, indeed, that maſculine power of the mind, in Ode, as in all compoſitions, ſhould bear the ſupreme ſway! and a beautiful imagination, as its miſtreſs, ſhould be ſubdued to its dominion. Hence, and hence only, can proceed the faireſt offspring of the human mind.

But

But then in Ode, there is this difference from other kinds of Poetry; that, there, the imagination, like a very beautiful mistress, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; though the judgement, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the less it is suspected of it, it shews the more masterly conduct, and deserves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, "The more danger, the more honour." It must be very enterprizing; it must, in Shakespeare's style, have "hair-breadth 'scapes;" and often tread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deserve the applause of the *real* judge, unless it renders itself obnoxious to the misapprehensions of the *contrary*.

Such is Casimire's strain among the moderns, whose lively wit, and happy fire, is an honour to them. And Buchanan might justly be much admired, if any thing more than the sweetness of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, were his own: his original *, from which I have taken my motto, through all the disadvantages of a Northern prose translation, is still admirable; and, Cowley says, as preferable in beauty to Buchanan, as Judæa is to Scotland.

Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great Masters of Lyric poetry among Heathen

* The Psalms of David, Ps. xcviii. 7, 8.

writers.

writers. Pindar's Muſe, like Sacharisſa, is a ſtately, imperious, and accompliſhed beauty; equally diſdaining the uſe of art, and the fear of any rival; ſo intoxicating, that it was the higheſt commendation that could be given an Ancient, that he was not afraid to taſte of her chams;

"Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus;"

a danger which Horace declares he durſt not run.

Anacreon's Muſe is like Amoret, moſt ſweet, natural, and delicate; all over flowers, graces, and charms, inſpiring complacency, not awe; and ſhe ſeems to have good-nature enough to *admit* a rival, which ſhe cannot *find*.

Sappho's Muſe, like Lady ——, is paſſionately tender, and glowing; like oil ſet on fire, ſhe is *ſoft*, and *warm* in exceſs. Sappho has left us a few fragments only; Time has ſwallowed the reſt; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of Cleopatra, after the other was diſſolved at her banquet, may be eſteemed (as was that jewel) a ſufficient ornament for the goddeſs of beauty herſelf.

Horace's Muſe (like one I ſhall not preſume to name) is correct, ſolid, and moral; ſhe joins all the ſweetneſs and majeſty, all the ſenſe and the

fire

fire of the *former*, in the juſteſt proportions and degrees; ſuperadding a felicity of dreſs entirely her own. She moreover is diſtinguiſhable by this particularity, That ſhe abounds in *hidden* graces, and *ſecret* charms, which none but the diſcerning can diſcover; nor are any capable of doing full juſtice, in their opinion, to her excellencies, without giving the world, at the ſame time, an inconteſtable proof of refinement in their own underſtandings.

But, after all, to the honour of our own country, I muſt add, that I think Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day inferior to no compoſition of this kind. Its chief beauty conſiſts in adapting the numbers moſt happily to the variety of the occaſion. Thoſe by which he has choſen to expreſs Majeſty, (viz.)

> "Aſſumes the God,
> "Affects to nod,
> "And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres—"

are choſen in the following Ode, becauſe the ſubject of it is great.

For the more harmony likewiſe, I choſe the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome give grace and pleaſure. Nor can I account for the

pleaſure

pleaſure of rhyme in general (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

But then the Writer muſt take care that the difficulty *is* overcome. That is, he muſt make rhyme conſiſtent with as perfect ſenſe, and expreſſion, as could be expected if he was free from that ſhackle. Otherwiſe, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleaſure to the reader, nor, conſequently, reputation to the Poet.

To ſum the whole: Ode ſhould be peculiar, but not ſtrained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble, but not ambitious; full, but not obſcure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded in its numbers, which ſhould be moſt harmonious, without the leaſt ſacrifice of expreſſion, or of ſenſe. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, ſomewhat of an original ſpirit ſhould be, at leaſt, attempted; otherwiſe the Poet, whoſe character diſclaims mediocrity, makes a ſecondary praiſe his ultimate ambition; which has ſomething of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the beſt Imitations, as men from the moſt animated pictures of them. Nor is what I ſay at all inconſiſtent with a due deference for the great ſtandards of Antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it, for doubtleſs their

example

example is on my ſide in this matter. And we ſhould rather imitate their example in the general motives, and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themſelves. This is a diſtinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a diſtinction of conſequence. For the firſt may make us their equals; the ſecond muſt pronounce us their inferiors even in our utmoſt ſucceſs. But the firſt of theſe prizes is not ſo readily taken by the moderns; as valuables too maſſy for eaſy carriage are not ſo liable to the thief.

The Ancients had a particular regard to the choice of their ſubjects; which were generally national and great. My ſubject is, in its own nature, noble; moſt proper for an Engliſhman; never more proper than on this occaſion; and (what is ſtrange) hitherto unſung.

If I ſtand not abſolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the ſpirit of Ode in general; if I cannot think, with Mr. Cowley, that "Muſic alone, ſometimes, makes an excellent "Ode,"

"Verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;"

if there is any thought, enthuſiaſm, and picture, which are as the body, ſoul, and robe of poetry; in a word, if in any degree I have provided rather food for men, than air for wits; I

hope

hope ſmaller faults will meet indulgence for the ſake of the deſign, which is the glory of my Country and my King.

And indeed, this may be ſaid, in general, that great ſubjects are above being nice; that dignity and ſpirit ever ſuffer from ſcrupulous exactneſs; and that the minuter cares effeminate a compoſition. Great maſters of Poetry, Painting, and Statuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary: and juſtly; for a truly-maſculine air partakes more of the negligent, than of the neat, both in writings, and in life—

"Grandis oratio haberet majeſtatis ſuæ pondus."
PETRON.

A Poem, like a criminal, under too ſevere correction, may loſe all its ſpirit, and expire. We know it was Faberrimus, that was ſuch an artiſt at a hair or a nail. And we know the cauſe was

"Quia ponere totum
"Neſcius." HOR.

To cloſe: If a piece of this nature wants an apology, I muſt own, that thoſe who have ſtrength of mind ſufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the *ſeverer* ſtudies, I deſpair of imitating, I can only envy and admire.

The

The mind is relieved and ſtrengthened by variety; and he that ſometimes is ſporting with his pen, is only taking the moſt effectual means of giving a general importance to it. This truth is clear from the knowledge of human nature, and of Hiſtory; from which I could cite very celebrated inſtances, did I not fear that, by citing them, I ſhould condemn myſelf, who am ſo little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

An

An ARGUMENT drawn from the CIRCUMSTANCES of CHRIST's DEATH, for the Truth of His RELIGION.

A

SERMON

PREACHED BEFORE

HIS MAJESTY, at KENSINGTON, JUNE, 1758.

By EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.
Chaplain in Ordinary to His MAJESTY.

Printed in the Year 1758.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE writer not knowing that *this Argument* has been made uſe of by others, thought it excuſeable to ſend it to the preſs; as it endeavours to ſhew, that the *Death* of Chriſt, as well as his reſurrection, gives evidence to the truth of his religion.

TO THE

KING.

May it pleaſe Your MAJESTY,

I SHOULD not have preſumed on the liberty of this addreſs, if the diſcourſe annexed was not of a nature to be preſented, with ſome propriety, to the *Defender of that Faith*, by which alone we can be ſaved; and which is the moſt likely means to ſave us in the preſent life; to ſave us in times of peace, from our vices; and (what ſome may value more) in this day of war, from our foes. To our foes, nothing can make us ſo formidable as religion and virtue, which are the fruits of faith. What have they to fear from thoſe, who have nothing to hope but on this ſide the grave? that is, from thoſe, in whom valour is indiſcretion; whoſe true wiſdom conſiſts in flight; who muſt therefore be branded either with cowardice, or folly, in the field? And how dreadful, in union, are folly and death?

On the contrary, in the virtuous believer, valour is not only wise, but natural, and safe; natural, as through death's frightful aspect he discerns a real friend; and safe, as he is sure to triumph, though he falls: and how glorious, in union, a deathless name and endless bliss?

Since, then, the believer cannot *fear*, or the former *dare*, but purely for want of thought, it is scarce too bold to say, that, in a martial, as well as moral sense, *Faith overcomes the world.*

Faith, then, is a military virtue; and should take the field, or fortitude may desert: faith not only fortifies, but finishes the soldier; who then only is compleat, when his king and country, under all events, are sure of something to their wish; sure, either to rejoice in his glorious conquest, or to boast and envy his blessed end; envy his wise ambition unbounded by victory; and boast his dauntless spirit invulnerable under the stroke of death.

When thus happy men run no hazard in war, but that of bettering their condition, behind such unfeigned defenders of kingdoms, supporters of thrones, and renowned standards of warlike worth, a nation may sit in safety; and recount her brave ancestors' illustrious deeds, without fear of setting her own discredit in the strongest point of light: but when faith is wanting, cold and unanimated fleets and armies may leave us naked

naked in the day of battle; and with much ignominious pomp, and expence, *increaſe* and *ſignalize* the diſhonour of our defeat.

The beſt authors of former times obſerve, that Rome was valiant and ſucceſsful, becauſe ſhe was pious: but as her piety was erroneous, her valour was fierce, her conqueſts unjuſt, her dominion oppreſſive. Real and laſting greatneſs muſt be founded in true piety, and a *rational* contempt of danger, ſuch as diſtinguiſhes a man from a tiger; both which virtues are the genuine effect (an effect which nothing elſe can produce) of that faith, which YOU, SIR! defend; and which the following pages would, in ſome degree, ſtrengthen, and ſupport.

That your Majeſty may long inſpire into an happy and grateful people theſe aggrandizing ſentiments of old Britiſh magnanimity, and ſound Chriſtian fortitude, of which the leaſt bleſſings are conqueſt and renown; and which would make us happy, though both ſhould fail: this is the prayer of

YOUR MAJESTY'S

Moſt dutiful Subject,

and ancient Servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

MARK XV. 14.

And Pilate *said unto them, Why? What Evil hath He done? And they cried out more exceedingly, Crucify Him.*

THE crucifixion of our bleſſed Saviour was an event full of terror in its nature, and full of conſolation in its conſequences, to the whole human race. But neither of theſe is the propoſed ſubject of the preſent diſcourſe. I rather chuſe to contemplate the ſtrong evidences of a divine interpoſition, which are afforded us in the manner of bringing about this great event: ſuch a manner as was requiſite to render it moſt effectual to the merciful intentions of our great, and moſt indulgent, God in it.

I ſhall obſerve the moſt admirable and adorable wiſdom of God through this whole tranſaction; and make it manifeſt, that He ſees through all the actions, accidents, hearts, and inclinations, of men; and conducts them all, however perverſe, to the full accompliſhment of his own good pleaſure.

If innocence could ever have been a ſufficient Fence againſt injuſtice, or meekneſs againſt calumny, or the moſt obliging goodneſs againſt outrage, our moſt bleſſed Lord muſt have been

ſufficiently guarded againſt the proſecution of the Jews. But, as human nature ſtands corrupted, theſe excellent qualities are no guards at all. They rather expoſe, and lay us open to malevolent aſſaults. Innocence itſelf is often interpreted into a crime, and gives ſome men as much offence as injury could poſſibly do. And indeed, as long as envy is as miſchievous in its attempts, as any other paſſion; it cannot but happen, that, ſometimes, it may be as unſafe (in reſpect of temporal intereſt) to be eminently good, as eminently evil.

It was therefore to little purpoſe that Pilate alledged our bleſſed Saviour's innocence, in this ſuggeſtion, "Why, what evil hath he done?" He had done none: but that was his offence. Therefore this allegation as it affronted the malice of their proceedings, ſo it the more inflamed it; making them *cry out more exceedingly, Crucify Him.*

Men muſt have ſome virtue themſelves, in order to reliſh it in others. Had our bleſſed Lord been criminal, he would have been leſs hated by his accuſers: and if they could have had the pleaſure to find him guilty as Barabbas, he might have found as great a ſhare of their favour. But his excellent life, as well as doctrine, had been a galling reproach to their hypocriſy; and had

juſtly

juſtly diminiſhed their authority among the people. And this being his only crime, alledging his integrity was the ſureſt means to render their malice abſolutely implacable.

Thus Pilate found himſelf defeated of his end propoſed; which was, ſaving his priſoner: yet let us obſerve, and adore; let us obſerve, that he doubly ſerved the propoſed ends of Providence; he ſerved them, both by his attempt, and by his diſappointment too.

For our bleſſed Redeemer was no-ways ſolicitous for the ſaving his life: that was already devoted to the great deſign of human ſalvation. But he valued not a little the clearing his innocence; for that was of as great importance to the ſame deſign. For had but a ſmall ſtain been flung on his character; had but the ſuſpicion of crimes ſtuck on him unrefuted, it would have been of a conſequence unſpeakably prejudicial to the manners of all his future diſciples. The door of ſalvation was ſet open by his blood in the remiſſion of ſins; but the condition of ſalvation, which is godlineſs, men were to copy from his example. If there had been any appearance of evil in that example, chriſtianity muſt have ſuffered extremely by it. For as it might have been looked on as a juſt ſcandal by thoſe without the church; ſo would it have been laid hold on

as an invincible argument for looſeneſs of life by thoſe that were within.

As therefore the Jews had prefaced their arraignment with this general charge, "If He "were not a malefactor, we would not have "delivered him up unto thee;" and the good providence of God was concerned that the common Redeemer ſhould be cleared from the ſcandal of ſuch a charge; ſo no method more effectual to that purpoſe could have been taken, than that which offered itſelf in this tranſaction. He was cleared by his judge, convinced from the whole proceſs, that nothing but envy began it; nothing but malice carried it on. He was cleared by his judge, and that a ſtranger, againſt his own kindred; and an idolater, againſt the worſhipers of God; and, what is ſtill more particular, in a charge of treaſon, cleared by one, who was more jealous for the Roman ſovereignty, than ever the Jews could poſſibly be ſuppoſed to be. So that if the ſcene of his vindication had lain in the management of any other hands, it could never have been ſo unexceptionable, and free from all ſuſpicion of colluſion and partiality, as it now evidently appears to be.

Thus, as the propitiatory lamb, under the law, was firſt to be *inſpected*, and found *without Blemiſh*, and, then to be ſacrificed; ſo this

Lamb

Lamb of God, (as that type pre-figured) was firſt *tried*, and *juſtified*, and then offered up as a worthy propitiation for the ſins of the whole world. Pilate had juſt ſo much conſcience, as to declare him innocent; and juſt ſo little courage, as to ſacrifice that innocence to the popular requeſt. But both his virtue, and his vice, were equally ſubſervient to the bringing that to paſs, which God Almighty had before determined to be done.

Still farther: As it was God Almighty's decree, that the Meſſiah, in the fullneſs of time, ſhould offer himſelf to death for the ſins of the people; ſo it is worthy our obſervation, that the particular death he died, ſo circumſtantiated as it was, did anſwer the propoſed ends of the divine wiſdom in ſuch a manner, as no other could have done. For, 1ſt, It would not have been ſuitable to the moſt gracious undertaking of our bleſſed Lord, to have paſſed through any milder kind of death; becauſe part of the atoning virtue of his ſufferings aroſe both from the bitter anguiſh, and deep ignominy, of what he ſuffered. 2dly, Had he fallen by any ſudden violence, his innocence had been deprived of that public atteſtation, which it now enjoys. 3dly, Had he been taken away by any caſual ſtroke, it would not have appeared to the world, that his death was voluntary, and the deliberate oblation of himſelf

for our ſins. 4thly. Had he done any thing more than was done by him, to procure or haſten his death; he then would have ſuffered in a circumſtance not to be imitated by good men. But, dying as he did, a death ſo painful and ignominious, to fill up the merits of it; and after a mature tryal, and clear abſolution as to any point of crime; and then evidencing a voluntary Oblation of himſelf, by not uſing any kind of means, which He could have made uſe of for his reſcue; and all this, without the leaſt act on his part, by which the malice of his enemies could reaſonably pretend to have been either provoked, or exaſperated; we ſee, here, all circumſtances divinely concerted to ſhew forth in his precious death the moſt accompliſhed merit, and the moſt excellent example.

And now, if we reflect on the ſeveral occurrences in this tranſaction, what ample reaſon will it afford us to break out into the Apoſtle's exclamation, "O the depth of the riches both of the wiſdom and knowledge of God!" How thoroughly does he know (and what wonder the Almighty Maker ſhould know?) all the ſprings and weights; all the motions and tendencies; all the powers, and every poſſible affection, of his own work? How perfectly knows he the full force of every object; and how far, to a point, it can act on every paſſion of man,

in

in proportion to its preſent ſtate and meaſure? and this being known, how eaſily, by the ſole management of opportunity, makes he the paſſions of men work out his own ends, without determining them, in the leaſt, in what they act?

For though Almighty God forms good out of evil, far be it from our thought, that he ordains that evil out of which the good is formed. Though he determined that our bleſſed Lord ſhould die, far be it from our thought, that he determined Judas to his treachery; or the Jews to their envy; or Pilate to his unjuſt popularity; or any of thoſe ſinful actions which concurred to the bringing about that his determined death.

Some, indeed, are of an opinion, that when God determines an end, he determines alſo thoſe intermediate acts, which contribute to the Production of it; being apprehenſive that the decrees of God would be defeaſible, if depending on the actions of man, ſuppoſed to continue a free-agent in them. But this for the Divine Providence is too ſhallow a gage. For that free-agency, which makes the myſtery to us, is ſeen through by God, when not by the man himſelf. When man preſumes himſelf to act freely, God often knows that he acts in vaſſalage to his paſſions; that there needs no determination but his natural bent, to render an effect as certain,

as

as ſupernatural impreſſions from God Almighty on him would have done.

A man dwelling on the mouth of a river, now, makes uſe of the ſtream to carry his merchandize out to ſea; and at another time, makes uſe of the tide for importing his goods from abroad: but in what lies all his ſkill? Meerly in ſeizing opportunity; not in his influence on the current either of the tide, or of the ſtream. Thus, Almighty God never influences the current of man's ſinful actions; but only makes uſe of them, as they run in their own voluntary courſe, to bear along with them the bleſſed events of his own holy deſigns.

Can we form a more ſenſible idea of that myſterious emblem by which the prophet Ezekiel repreſents the providence of God, when he compares it to a wheel within a wheel, than this? *(viz.)* Nature is the firſt wheel, which God has ſet a-going as to all motions that are regular: And knowing all the ſprings which may introduce irregular motions, His *particular Providence* is the ſecond wheel, which being occaſionally ſet within the firſt, makes uſe of it to carry the courſe of things to the point of his own intentions. The wheel of *particular Providence* has indeed a ſpring in itſelf, able to check, and turn that of Nature; but it never

does

does turn it to the least motion that is morally wrong.

In the present instance, thus stood the case. Natural pravity, improved by vicious custom, made it natural for Judas, as a vicious man, to betray; for the Jews, as being hypocrites, to envy; for Pilate, as being a pusillanimous Judge, to be borne down by the clamours of the Court. And thus all these criminal inclinations being purely their own, Divine Providence only presented the opportunity before them; which being done, they all acted as naturally, and as necessarily, as the sparks fly upward.

And now, who can recollect the various and peculiar circumstances of Christ's death, as above represented, and not evidently discern the Divine conduct running through the whole?

And, if God conducted this whole transaction, our religion is the truth.

God Almighty, in his great mercy, confirm those that are in it, and convert the rest!

MIS-

MISCELLANIES IN PROSE.

PREFACE TO MRS. ROWE's FRIENDSHIP IN DEATH*.

THE drift of these letters is, to impress the notion of the soul's immortality; without which, all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal good consequences, must fall to the ground.

Some, who pretend to have no scruples about the being of a God, have yet their doubts about their own eternal existence, though valuable authors abound in *Christian* and *Moral Proofs* of it.

But since no means should be left unattempted in a point of such importance, I hope endeavouring to make the mind familiar with the thoughts of our future existence, and contract, as it were

* Ascribed to Dr. Young on the authority of the writer of Mrs. Rowe's Life in the Biographia Britannica.

unawares

unawares, an habitual perſuaſion of it, by writings built on that foundation, and addreſſed to the affections and imagination, will not be improper, either as a doctrine, or Amuſement: *Amuſement*, for which the world makes by far the largeſt demand; and which, generally ſpeaking, is nothing but an art of forgetting that immortality, the firm belief and advantageous contemplation of which, *this* amuſement would recommend.

DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO

THE LAST DAY.

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

MY only title to the great honour I now do myſelf, is the obligation I have formerly received from your royal indulgence; which I remember with the utmoſt gratitude. I was indeed uneaſy, till I had bethought myſelf of ſome means of relieving my heart by expreſſing its acknowledgements: my inclination carried me to poetry, your virtues determined me to ſacred poetry above all other; and in that kind there is no ſubject more exalted and affecting than this which I have choſen; its very firſt mention ſnatches away the ſoul to the borders of

eternity.

eternity, ſurrounds it with wonders, opens to it on every hand the moſt ſurprizing ſcenes of awe and aſtoniſhment, and terminates its view with nothing leſs than the fullneſs of glory, and the throne of God.

But this may ſeem a very improper ſeaſon for any thing of ſo grave and ſolemn a nature to preſent itſelf before you, and mingle with the gaity and ſplendor of univerſal joy and thankſgiving; yet if we conſider that the thoughts which you will meet in the following pages are ſuch as are ever uppermoſt in your own heart, and that, in all probability, thoſe great bleſſings which your people now enjoy, are the reward of that religious bent of mind and virtuous diſpoſition in their prince, I hope that may ſeem leſs foreign and unſeaſonable, which is the root of the felicity now flouriſhing amongſt us, and ſhedding its ripened fruits on our land.

They are ſtrangers to your majeſty, who think, when they write to the Britiſh throne, that victories and triumphs muſt be their conſtant theme; they know not there is ſomething you hold much dearer than either your fortune or your glory; they have not attended to your unbounded charities; they have not heard of your royal care and generoſity to thoſe who ſerve at the holy altar; they never ſufficiently

admired

admired your resolution of building magnificently to the Lord, and setting wide the gates of salvation; in a word, they are still to be informed, that prudent counsels and successful arms, well-ordered states, and humbled foes, are only the second glories of your most illustrious reign.

It is, madam, a prospect truly great, to behold you seated on your throne, surrounded with your faithful counsellors and mighty men of war, issuing forth commands to your own people, or giving audience to the great princes and powerful rulers of the earth: but why should we confine your glory here? I am pleased to see you rise from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, leaving the fixt stars behind you; nor will I lose you there, but keep you still in view through the boundless spaces on the other side of creation, in your journey towards eternal bliss, till I behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving and conveying you still onward from the stretch of my imagination, which tires in her pursuit, and falls back again to the earth.

What a panegyrick is it on human nature to consider, that it shall come to pass in some future time, through which the thread of your existence shall run, that you yourself may forget this *glorious year*, or make its remembrance only

serve

ſerve by compariſon to recommend ſuperiour honours, and more ſplendid renown? Let us tremble at the power of God, and adore the the profuſion of his goodneſs on us his creatures! We behold thee, O Queen! great in peace and war, great in thy alliance, greater in thy ſelf! we ſee thee bleſſing thy people, and compoſing the ſtrifes of Europe; we ſurvey thee in this full light, this blaze of ſublunary greatneſs, and own thy glory is not yet begun.

Such thoughts might appear too warm and affected on another occaſion; but they are ſo natural to him who preſents ſuch a theme to ſuch a queen, that they are not without violence to be ſuppreſſed. When at your royal leiſure you turn over the following ſheets, if you find any thing that encourages virtue, or diſheartens vice, let it intercede for pardon of my many defects and errors.

That your reign may be as pious as it is glorious, and give poſterity as many inſtances of exemplary virtue and religion, as it will of eminent talents and extraordinary capacities; that it may not only ſhine in hiſtory, and be great in the annals of the earth, but alſo be ſet down in the obſervation of angels, and with

diſtinguiſhed characters be written in the book of life, to give joy at the GREAT DAY; is the conſtant prayer of him who is (as moſt particularly obliged to be)

Your MAJESTY'S

Moſt humble

And moſt obedient Subject

EDWARD YOUNG.

DEDI-

DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO

VANQUISHED LOVE, A TRAGEDY.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

MADAM,

THE nature of my ſubject pointed out my patroneſs, and ſcarce left me the liberty of a choice. I hope it may be ſome excuſe for my preſumption, that the following ſtory could not have been read without thoughts of the Counteſs of Saliſbury, though it had been dedicated to another.

Virtue and beauty met in the youthful and high-born Lady Jane Gray, in a wonderful perfection; and, as their nature is, they mutually aſſiſted each other. Her beauty was more beautiful, becauſe ſhe was virtuous; nor am I afraid

to ſay, on the other hand, that her religion itſelf admitted of advantage, and received prevalency, as well as luſtre, from the elegance of her mien, and the gracefulneſs of her perſon.

Thoſe good men rather wiſh well to virtue, than underſtand her true intereſt, who think too ſlightly of what is agreeable to the ſight. As long as we have paſſions, as well as reaſon, we ſhall own the force of outward appearances; by the misfortune of humanity, our hearts are naturally ſhut againſt that which is *only* good; but when that which is lovely joins with it, the latter makes intereſt with our ſenſes for the admiſſion of the former, and the former calls in our reaſon to embrace the latter; and thus is brought about a happy union and concurrence of the whole perſon, ſo miſerably divided uſually, and at variance with himſelf. We may fix our eyes on a fair example of piety to an utter deteſtation of our vices, and gaze ourſelves into a newneſs of life.

Hence ariſes a double obligation on the beautiful to be good; and to ſee the charms of mind and perſon ſeparated, becomes a too juſt occaſion of our concern. To behold a perſon *only* virtuous, ſtirs in us a prudent regret; to behold a perſon *only* amiable to the ſight, warms us with a religious indignation; but to turn our eyes on

a Countefs of Salifbury, gives us pleafure and improvement; it works a fort of miracle, occafions the bias of our nature to fall-off from fin, and makes our very *fenfes* and *affections* converts to religion, and promoters of our duty.

There is not in nature a more glorious fcene than he enjoys, who by accident overfees a great and young and beautiful lady in her clofet of devotion, inftead of gaiety, and noife, and throng, fo natural to the qualities juft mentioned; all is folemn, and filent, and private. Pious meditation has carried her away into a forgetfulnefs of her lovely perfon, which no one but herfelf can forget! All her exquifite features are animated with religion in fuch a manner, as to make any licentious thought in the beholder impious and fhocking! All her motions and poftures, whofe gracefulnefs in others might be a foundation for pride, and be thought an excufe for omiffions in duty, are full of humiliation and pious neglect! Thofe eyes, which cannot be fhewed in publick without interrupting the bufinefs of the world, fixing thoufands in attention, and fufpending the purfuits of avarice and ambition, are devoutly raifed, and importunately faftened on an invifible object; offering holy violence *for thofe good things*, the thoughts of which in vulgar minds keep company, for the moft part, with

with nothing but wrinkles, grey-hairs, and infirmity! What a radiant glimpſe of heaven is this! All the divine and raviſhing appearances which are formed of angels and ſaints in glory, were at firſt ſuggeſted to the mind of man by ſuch a ſight.

They who are acquainted with the character of the Lady Jane, will not look on this as foreign; they that are not, but have the honour of knowing the Counteſs of Saliſbury, will make another ſufficient excuſe for this ſeeming digreſſion of,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO

THE PARAPHRASE ON JOB.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS LORD PARKER,
BARON OF MACCLESFIELD.
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH I have not the honour of being known to your lordſhip, I preſume to take a privilege which men of retirement are apt to think themſelves in poſſeſſion of, as being the only method they have of making their way to perſons of your lordſhip's high ſtation without ſtruggling through multitudes for acceſs. I may poſſibly fail in my reſpect to your lordſhip, even

while I endeavour to ſhew it moſt; but, if I err, it is becauſe I imagined I ought not to make my firſt approach to one of your lordſhip's exalted character with leſs ceremony than that of a dedication. It is annexed to the condition of eminent merit, not to ſuffer more from the malice of its enemies, than from the importunity of its admirers; and perhaps it would be unjuſt, that your lordſhip ſhould hope to be exempted from the troubles, when you poſſeſs all the talents of a patron.

I have here a fair occaſion to celebrate thoſe ſublime qualities, of which a whole nation is ſenſible, were it not inconſiſtent with the deſign of my preſent application. By the juſt diſcharge of your great employments, your lordſhip may well deſerve the prayers of the diſtreſſed, the thanks of your country, and the approbation of your royal maſter: this indeed is a reaſon why every good Briton ſhould applaud your lordſhip, but it is equally a reaſon why none ſhould diſturb you, in the execution of your important affairs, by works of fancy and amuſement. I was therefore induced to make this addreſs to your lordſhip, by conſidering you rather in the amiable light of a perſon diſtinguiſhed for a refined taſte of the polite arts, and the candor that uſually attends it, than in the dignity of your public character.

The greatneſs and ſolemnity of the ſubjects treated of in the following work, cannot fail in ſome meaſure to recommend it to a perſon who holds in the utmoſt veneration thoſe ſacred books from which it is taken; and would at the ſame time juſtify to the world my choice of the great name prefixed to it, could I be aſſured that the undertaking had not ſuffered in my hands. Thus much I think myſelf obliged to ſay, that if this little performance had not been very indulgently ſpoken-of by ſome whoſe judgement is univerſally allowed in writings of this nature, I had not dared to gratify my ambition in offering it to your lordſhip. I am ſenſible that I am endeavouring to excuſe one vanity by another; but I hope I ſhall meet with pardon for it, ſince it is viſibly intended to ſhew the great ſubmiſſion and reſpect with which I am,

My Lord,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO

BUSIRIS, A TRAGEDY.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Houshold, &c.

MY LORD,

IF a dedication carries in its nature a mark of our acknowledgment and esteem, and is there must due where we are most obliged; the late instances I received of your Grace's undeserved and uncommon favour in an affair of some consequence (foreign to the theatre) has taken from me the privilege of *chusing* a Patron; especially for a performance, which not only by its kind falls immediately under your grace's authority,

but which likewiſe by its good fortune, in a ſeaſon of ſome danger to it, received from your Grace's free indulgence its life and ſucceſs on the ſtage. Thus my ambition concurs with my duty; and it is my happineſs not to be able to gratify the impulſe of the one, without obeying at the ſame time the dictates of the other.

Addreſſes of this nature, through a groſs abuſe of praiſe, have juſtly fallen under ridicule. How pleaſant is it, to hear one of yeſterday complimented on his illuſtrious anceſtors! a ſordid perſon, on his magnificence! an illiterate pretender, on his ſkill in arts and ſciences! or a wretch contracted with ſelf-love, on his diffuſive benevolence to mankind! Yet from the frequency of ſuch a ſhameful proſtitution of the pen as this, one advantage reſults; it gives the grace of novelty, and peculiarity to a dedication, that ſhall reclaim panegyrick from its guilt, and reſcue the late-mentioned ſublime diſtinctions of character from abſurdity and injuſtice, by applying them to a Duke of Newcaſtle. It is a kind of compliment paid to panegyrick itſelf, to uſe it on ſo juſt an occaſion.

It is letters, my Lord, which diſtinguiſh one age from another; each period of time ſhines or is caſt in ſhades, as they flouriſh or decline; and

who

who knows not that the fate of letters is determined by the kind or cold aſpect of the great? How happy then is the preſent time, how fair an aſſurance has it of being exempted from the death of common ages, when we ſee the politer arts triumphing in the care and encouragement of one who has made an early and regular acquaintance with them at their *own home*, joining to the ampleſt fortune the qualifications requiſite (had it been wanting) to acquire and deſerve it! One, who in the flower of youth, when the imagination is warmeſt, and fit for ſuch a province, preſides over the labours of genius and fine taſte, and has it in his power to rival thoſe he is pleaſed to patroniſe. One, in a word, who, covetous of learning, reaches beyond his own nation for new ſupplies of it; who, zealous for merit, pays honours to its very aſhes; and whoſe being an excellent maſter in polite letters himſelf, is one of the ſmalleſt proofs he has given of his ardent love towards them.

But I cannot turn my thought that way, without being put in mind of the imperfection of the following ſcenes. I own they have many faults, as many as I can allow, without reflecting on the town for the countenance they have received: but I hope they have merit enough to entitle them to ſome ſhare of your grace's approbation,

as well as errors enough to make them ſtand in need of all your protection. The continuance of which is humbly hoped by,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

much obliged,

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

DEDI-

DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO

THE REVENGE, A TRAGEDY.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

MY LORD,

WERE I a ſtranger to your Grace, I ſhould not be afraid to ſolicit your patronage, ſince you have taken the politer arts into your protection, and they who endeavour to excel in them are, in effect, making their court to you. But I can plead more than a common title to this honour. Your Grace has been pleaſed to make yourſelf acceſſory to the following ſcenes, not only by ſuggeſting the moſt beautiful incident in them, but by making all poſſible proviſion for the ſucceſs of the whole. Your great delicacy of taſte in compoſitions of this kind, has ſo aſſiſted this poem; and the indulgence of your nature

has ſo endeavoured to ſhorten the great diſtance between your Grace and its author, that I have been ſcarce able to conſider you in any other light, than as one entirely devoted to theſe Amuſements, and purſuing the ſame ſtudies with myſelf.

The world, which is large in your praiſes of another nature, will be ſurprized to hear me ſpeak of your Grace in this manner. They talk of one abounding in all the grace and power of public eloquence, and eminently furniſhed with thoſe particular talents, which qualify for ſhining in the higheſt ſtations, and influencing the national welfare: of one, who made a name in ſenates in his minority; and who now, at an age which in ſome well-conſtituted ſtates would exclude him their grand council, has finiſhed a reputation in that of Great Britain; and gained thoſe for his greateſt admirers, who are themſelves moſt admired there: one, who, through this whole memorable ſeſſion, has acted in the ſpirit of a Regulus, vigorouſly oppoſing meaſures in which he might have found his private advantage, and exerting the nobleſt indignation and contempt for thoſe, who, like the old Carthaginians, were equally famous for their riches, and their faith: one who, if he advances in proportion to his firſt degree of glory, ſhall not thank poſterity for ranking him with the moſt celebrated this nation

has

has produced, though his great father be in the number of them.

His country may with pleasure reflect, that when he has any thing of moment in his view, there is nothing, which can either break his resolution, tire his activity, or limit his expence. His spirit increases on resistance; and, like a great flame, it burns the stronger, and shines the brighter, in proportion to the violence of the storm that offends it. In the present troubled state of affairs, in which the nation fluctuates, how has he strove against the power of wind and tide to assist her into harbour; while some have endeavoured to tear her to pieces, in order to provide for their private safety, and swim ashore on her ruins?

Thus speaks the world. I, my Lord, whose knowledge of your Grace lies more in private life, can tell them, in return, of one who can animate his country retirement with a kind of pleasures, sometimes unknown to persons of distinction in that scene: who can divide the longest day into a variety of polite and useful studies, and appoint the great men of antiquity their stated hours, to receive (if I may so speak) their audience of him: who is an excellent master of their history in particular; and, observing how Nature in a course of years is apt to come round

again

again, and tread in her own footſteps, has a happineſs in applying the facts or characters of ancient to modern times; which requires a beautiful mixture of learning and genius; and a mind equally knowing in books and men: who can carry from his ſtudies ſuch a life into converſation, that wine ſeems only an interruption of wit: who has as many ſubjects to talk of, as proper matter on thoſe ſubjects, as much wit to adorn that matter, and as many languages to produce it ſo adorned, as any of the age in which he lives. And yet ſo ſweet his diſpoſition, that no one ever wiſhed his abilities leſs, but ſuch as flattered themſelves with the hope of ſhining when near him.

But there are ſtill ſuperior qualities, which I am obliged to remember, as is the ſociety to which I belong, and to return him our thanks for his late donation to it: which is ſo noble, that it had lain us under the greateſt obligation, though it had been from another; though it had been from one, whoſe quality and character would have made a far leſs addition to it; and who had not, by the moſt graceful and engaging manner of conferring it, more than doubled its value. As for my own particular obligations to him, I ſhall not endeavour to expreſs myſelf in words; but beg leave to refer him to the whole future courſe of my life for my ſenſe of them. My preſent fortune is his bounty, and my future

his

his care; which, I will venture to ſay, will be always remembered to his honour, ſince he, I know, intended his generoſity as an encouragement to merit, though (through his very pardonable partiality to one who bears him ſo ſincere a duty and reſpect) I happen to receive the benefit of it.

They who are acquainted with your Grace, will be of opinion, that I make your goodneſs but an ill return by the liberty I now take. But though it be true, that they who merit praiſe moſt, affect it leaſt; it is alſo true, that to commend what is excellent is a debt we owe the publick. In regard to which, how ill ſoever you may reliſh it, I have made no ſcruple to uſe you as you deſerve: and my comfort is, I can take refuge in your lordſhip's own example, for preferring the publick before you.

But, if you are ſtill diſſatisfied, I ſhall only ſay, it is hard that your Grace ſhould join with your enemies, (who will equally diſlike it) againſt me. For enemies, my Lord, you have; nor am I ſorry for it. All ſhining accompliſhments will be for ever either loved or envied; and next to the perſon who pays you his eſteem, he bears the beſt teſtimony to the ſuperiority of your character, who hates you for it. I give you joy of thoſe foes your great qualities have made. And I congratulate you in a particular manner, that they

are the moſt inveterate to your Grace, whom your country purſues with her greateſt diſlike. It is no reflection on thoſe who wiſh you beſt, to ſay, they will hardly be able to contribute more to your glory.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful,

and moſt humble ſervant,

June 27, 1722.

EDWARD YOUNG.

SOME

SOME

THOUGHTS

ON READING MR. YOUNG'S POEM

ON THE LAST DAY:

In a LETTER to Mrs. ROWE.

By —— ——.

MADAM, *A—k, Aug.* 25, 1718.

THERE are ſweet ſeaſons when the mind puts on
More ſerious thoughts, and loves to be alone;
Collects herſelf; and proves the happy mean
'Twixt gloom and laughter, vanity and ſpleen;
Calls in her ſaliant airs; abates her fires;
Leaves to the unthinking herd their vain deſires;
Looks round, and ſmiles, and ſighs, and ſo retires:
Retires; but where? for, in ſuch hours as theſe,
'Tis not mere ſunſhine, or mere ſhade, can pleaſe:
Too ſad the grotto, and too vain the day;
The night too gloomy, and the ſun too gay.

Where

Where can a ſoul retire? what refuge find
Too ſuit ſuch delicacy of the mind?
Kind heaven has bleſs'd me with a dear retreat,
Too tender for deſcription, yet too great;
So ſoft the ſhade, ſo reverend the grove,
One muſt be all religion, or all love.
Here bending alders bending alders greet;
Obſequious branches mingle, as they meet:
Emblems of rarer friendſhip, how they're twin'd,
Whom ſocial bloom or ſocial ſufferings bind.
Maugre autumnal blaſts and winter ſtorms,
They grow, and flouriſh in each others arms:
So firm th' alliance, and th' embrace ſo true;
The ſtroke that parts them, muſt deſtroy them too:
While, gently, the young curling tendrels play;
Whiſper, and nod, and beckon all the day.
'Tis here a ſolemn arch corrects the rays;
Fends off the gaudy luſtre: and allays,
And ſweetly tempers the fierce noon-day blaze.
Such ſhades, methinks, e'en conſecrate the ground,
And caſt an awful ſanctity around:
Only fair points of virgin-light appear,
Like ſparkling diamonds glittering every where,
Shedding their milder glories down—But ſtay,
Where am I rov'd? I only meant to ſay:
Here I read *Young*; and thought on *the laſt day*.
Thoſe hours, good God! thoſe laſt important hours
Shoot to my heart, and rally all my powers:

Hope,

Hope, fear, doubt, joy, dread, longing, and ſurprize,
Terror and gladneſs all at once ariſe;
And with joint force, like blending torrents roll,
And deluge ev'ry region of the ſoul:
Rocks rending, roaring oceans, ſhrieking fears,
Thunders, and burſting tombs, and ſhattering ſpheres,
Groans, noiſe, and ratling clangors, ſtun my ears.
I ſee th' eſtabliſh'd hills about me quake:
I feel earth's fundamental pillars ſhake:
'Tis all diſſolving; all, in flux, around,
Looks hideous: rending earth-quakes tear the ground.
The frightful ſhock in Britain firſt began;
And rent, through all the kingdoms, to Japan:
Clave through the tottering Alps; and, as it goes,
Whole chains of mountains at a run o'erthrows.
I ſee pale Nature, in her laſt diſtreſs,
Dying amidſt the wreck of a diſſolving univerſe.
Two mighty angels, clad in white array,
Juſt now commiſſion'd to prepare the way
For the deſcending triumph, ſwiftly fly;
Tear down the gaudy hangings of the ſky,
Which full ſix thouſand years the heaven bore,
But now they muſt adorn the earth no more.
Through the wide fiſſure ſuch new glories ſhone,
As drown'd the feeble luſtre of the ſun.
A ſpacious chaſm, as heaven's grand entrance wide,
With two vaſt folding-doors on either ſide,

Flew

Flew open nine degrees, full Zenith high,
While both archangels with each other vie;
And each, with crackling noiſe, folds back the ſky.
Lord! what a tide of fearful glory roll'd!
Burning and fierce, like ſeas of melted gold;
Pouring, at once, upon my feeble ſight
Rivers of joy and cataracts of light.
Yet the ſweet ſtreaming ſplendor, iſſuing thence,
Strengthen'd and clarify'd my viſive ſenſe.
I dar'd to gaze; once more I gaz'd, and ſaw
Heaven's advance-guard their burning ſabres draw.
Twelve legions theſe: behind them myriads more
Soft vehicles of brilliant æther wore;
Not arm'd for battle now: no burniſh'd helms
Caſt horrid gleams in theſe triumphant realms:
But all, like joyous victors, wav'd their never-fading palms.
Chariots of ſtate, in endleſs order, ſtand
All ready harneſs'd, waiting the command;
Each but one ſingle gem, by art divine
Poliſh'd and form'd; how exquiſite they ſhine?
Beams ſhoot through beams; and croſſing rays with rays
Blend ſubtly, and reflect a various blaze.
Dominions, powers, and chiefs, ſate next the throne,
Robe'd for the day, with all their cor'nets on;
Waiting the ſignal too, and longing to be gone.

Hark!

Hark! the glad trumpet ſounds: th' eternal King
Bids every ſaint touch every tender ſtring;
And all the harmonious ſeraphs ſoft recorders ſing.
Anon a full-blown clarion ſwells the ſound;
While ſtronger levets from the hills rebound,
And bolder martial airs the ſofter muſic drown'd.
Shouting, the armies move in dread array:
A God! a God! ye lightnings, clear the way;
And grace the immenſe tranſanctions of the day.
He comes: but, oh! his beams are too intenſe:
Th' unſufferable Glories drown my ſenſe
In floods of overpowering excellence.
'Tis all unſpeakable: no more I dare:
I ſtop my faultering lame deſcription there;
Nor dare to utter what I cannot bear.

Even YOUNG himſelf recoils, and dreads to view
Th' amazing ſcene, he promis'd to purſue.
He felt its arduous labour, as he wrought;
And ſweats ſometimes with a mere ſtreſs of thought.
Jealous he aims, and cautiouſly aſpires,
Till, loaded with the ponderous theme, he tires;
And almoſt owns the images too ſtrong,
And ſhows he could not bear a rapture long:
So ſtruggles a young prophet, ſo oppreſt.
When the firſt inſpiration fills his breaſt;
So trembles at the unknown extaſy,
And ſtarts at the firſt-movings of the Deity:

While

While the old ſeer, us'd to ſuch ſtrong delight,
Can bear tranſporting viſions all the night.
Not ſo, as yet, our bard; but, bold and wiſe,
High as 'twas ſafe to fall he dar'd to riſe;
If a ſtrong impulſe threats the poet's brains,
How ſeas'nably he checks the obedient reins!
The ſtaggering muſe he mercifully unloads,
And gently breathes her in cool epiſodes;
Turns from the o'erpowering vigour of the plan,
To gaze, where ſafe enough he might, on Anne.
So men, when dazzled with too keen a light,
By turning to a cloud, preſerve their ſight.
He knew, when thoughts are moderately worn,
And the poetick fire is loth to burn,
The advantage of digreſſion, and return:
That when the ſickening rhapſodies decline,
He yet might ſeem to check them by deſign.
Half the laſt trump th' adventrous bard reveals,
But then the angel prudently conceals:
For, if he laviſh'd here, where ſhould he find
Splendor enough for all the pomp behind.
Like a wiſe maſter in theſe thrifty arts,
He breaks his labour into various parts:
Well knows, and handſomely avoids the pain
Of driving-on in an unbroken ſtrain.
The privilege of beginning ſaves the ſenſe,
Helps on the work, yet leſſens the expence:
We don't expect a preface ſhould ſurpize,
Cantoes, like bells, muſt have their time to riſe;

Tune

Tune briſkly on a little while, and, then,
As peals are us'd to do, ceaſe down again.
Two noble columns glorioufly ſurprize,
As ſeraphs well could paint, or Gabriel riſe.
Here 'tis the poet burns with heavenly fire;
And here Urania did indeed inſpire.
Here the bleſt maid did generouſly impart
The ſtrength of genius, and the blaze of art;
When he unfurls the flag, ſhe ſtill was there;
And wav'd the chriſtian banner in the air.
She (heavens! 'twas ſhe) that vigorous colour ſhed,
And dy'd the dreadful ſtandard with ſo ſtrong a red;
She ting'd the bleeding croſs that pours a ſtain,
"Where-e'er it floats, on earth, or air, or main:
"That ſluſh'd the hills, that ſet on fire the wood,
"And turn'd the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
"Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright——
O ſtay, Urania, ſtay thy haſty flight;
Nor leave the bard ſo ſoon——alas! 'tis o'er:
He ſwoons, he dies, and can ſuſtain no more.
The goddeſs was reſolv'd, for once, to ſee
If he could bear the whole divinity:
She tries, and finds a moment more was death;
So kindly leaves him to recover breath:
In pity to her votary ſhe flies;
He, trembling ſtill 'twixt joy and terror, cries,
'Tis more than mere mortality can bear:
Then, calm and undiſturb'd, concludes in prayer.

Tir'd

Tir'd with his glorious toil, he leaves the ſtage,
A warning to the poets of the age,
That none may ſacrifice his muſe, in vain,
To what no ſingle genius can ſuſtain.
  But if you build an epic, that ſhall laſt
Home to the awful trumpet's riſing blaſt;
Whoſe period ſhall the forewarn'd judgement bring;
And periſh, only, in the flames you ſing;
That the laſt ages, as they read in you
Nature's laſt agonies, may ſee them too:
"Mingle your different glories in the eſſay,
"Unite your labours, and divide the day."
  Great Addiſon, aſſiſt the vaſt deſign,
And in unrival'd numbers ſing the time,
When rocks ſhall melt, and boiling ſea ſhall roar,
The glories of thy own campaign be o'er:
And Blenheim's ſtately doom ſhall be no more.
Be it thy peculiar labour to prepare
The grand tribunal, blazing in the air:
Deſcribe the incarnate God, enthron'd above;
The flaſhings of his wrath, and beamings of his love,
When he ſhews round the token of his wounds,
How ſweet he ſmiles, how awfully he frowns;
Tell how he ſhines propitious on the good,
The travel of his ſoul, the purchaſe of his blood.
Say how they joy, and glory in his ſight,
Baſk in his beams, and glitter in his light:
How to the ſhivering croud at length he turns,
His eye-balls gliſten, and old Tophet burns.

Standen,

Standen, with charming airs, and lovely grace,
Juſt in his thoughts, and happy in addreſs,
Shall greet the riſing ſaints; and ſweetly ſing,
How well-rewarded martyrs hail their King;
Range all the thrones in regular array;
And aid the ceremonies of the day.

Watts has a ſoul elaborately wrought,
Command of diction, and a flow of thought:
With eaſe he kindles love, or flaſhes fire,
And leads our paſſions captive to his lyre.
He weeps; and, but too well, we feel his woe;
While tears, like his own mournful numbers, flow.
Joy, like a ſudden trance, flies through his ſtrains,
Plays round our heart, and ſprings through all our veins:
Then to grave allemands he forms his voice;
And judgement is the theme; we ſtill rejoice;
But, oh! like his own conſecrated ſtrings,
Rejoice with trembling, as the poet ſings.
Silence, thou noiſy world: your cares ſuſpend;
A while, ye buſy ſons of men, attend.
Solemn and dreadful, as the Angel ſwore,
Hark! Watts proclaims, that time ſhall be no more;
Hear his prophetic lines your doom foretell,
And ſentence the whole world to heaven or hell.
And, oh! what joys muſt æſtuate in their breaſt,
Whom Chriſt the righteous Judge pronounces bleſt!

But at the word *depart* (tormenting ſound!
Hell!) what a doleful groan will bellow all around!
Watts would deſcribe the rapture and deſpair;
And tell what ſhouts, and ſhrieks, will echo there,
Could he ſuſtain, or ſeaſonably control,
Th' impatient ſallies of his panting ſoul.
But when he ſees the ſaints, and views the throne,
And ſpeaks of joys ſo great that awe his own,
Fir'd at the thought, he'd burſt the feeble clay,
Ruſh through the tottering walls, and fly away.
Bowden, our eyes are fixt on you: be kind,
Relieve the reverend prophet's rapturous mind.
"He ſhould, you know, be cautious; and not uſe
"To tranſports, ſo intenſely rais'd, a Muſe."
Succeed him in his thoughts; and let us ſee
How he would ſing, had he but ſtrength like thee.
True: while you ſhew how his vaſt genius ſhone,
('Tis all the pain you'll feel) you'll ſhow your own.
So Raphael leaves, perhaps, at his deceaſe,
Sketches of his intended maſter-piece:
In broken hints the wild ideas lie,
Firſt ſtarts of fancy, and ſcarce reach the eye.
Kneller, with generous indignation fir'd,
So great eſſay ſhould be no more admir'd,
Draws out, methinks, the wondrous thoughts to view;
And unawares paints his own glory too.

Thus

Thus equal pencils ſhare the vaſt deſign:
Raphael and Kneller in one tablet ſhine.
The glories of transfigur'd ſaints above,
Their joyous anthems in th' harmonious grove,
Their finiſh'd beauties and conſummate love,
Demand the ſoft deſcription of the fair,
A nicer touch, and a more tender air.
Will Philomela the glad taſk purſue?
This dear delightful part remains for you.
What though the liſtening nymphs and ſickening ſwains
Muſt hear no more your overcoming ſtrains
Glide gently o'er the meads, or echo thro' the plains:
What! though unhappy Damon grieves you ſwore
To think of Hymen and of Love no more:
Yet lead them to thoſe happy worlds on high,
Where youth ſtill blooms, and lovers never die;
Where none (dear ſtate!) a fruitleſs paſſion mourn;
But all, with ſympathetic ardor, burn;
And floods of love have oceans in return;
Raptures their endleſs centuries employ;
And the true God of Love inſpires their joy.
Here, to one point we muſt direct our rays;
Or elſe the languid taper will not blaze:
There more diffuſive friendſhip melts the ſoul,
And a true catholick paſſion nobly graſps the whole.
There, at the head of ſome ſeraphic choir,
Diſtinguiſh'd well by a more tuneful lyre,

Diſſolv'd in praiſes ſits harmonious Rowe,
(Rowe! more than half a ſeraph here below!)
Yet, at the cloſe of every heavenly ſtrain,
Wiſhes, and looks, and does almoſt complain,
"One ſweet melodious voice is wanting yet;
"Haſte, Philomela, make our joys compleat."
Oh! no; you 've worlds of angels; we but one:
And what will earth be worth when that is gone?

Come, all ye ſhepherds, who have often hung
With vaſt attention on her tender ſong,
Now liſten to her more exalted themes
Than ſporting lambs, or pretty purling ſtreams;
"Unfeign'd Elyſiums, real extaſies,
"A heaven ſhe every day in viſion ſees:
"How ſouls through groves of living pleaſure rove,
"How minds enjoy, or living ſpirits love,"
Are now her favourite thoughts: but, if ſhe pleaſes,
The anger of the Lamb, his burning jealouſies,
She knows to ſing, and, with a godlike ire,
Can ſet the unbelieving world on fire.
Yes (hear, O earth!) already, though unknown,
The dreadful conflagration is begun:
Unſeen, like lamps amongſt the ſilent urns,
Yet fierce, as ſubterranean fires, it burns.
Sappho or Pindar, thus, tune every ſong,
Sweet Zephyrs breathe, or thunders roll along,
Like muſic ſoft, or like a trumpet ſtrong.

Oh!

Oh! could I, like her guardian angel, ſee
Thoſe archives of inſpir'd poeſy,
Which only in their native cabinet ſhine,
As eaſtern gems in an unplunder'd mine!
(But ah! 'twas always thy unhappy fate,
Ambitious man, to aim at what's too great.)
And yet, oh! could I, only now and then,
Juſt taſte, and thankfully return again
A morning rapture, or an evening ode,
(Fragrant thankſgivings to her Saviour-God!)
Then ſhould I own, for all my evils paſt,
Kind Heaven had well rewarded me at laſt.
Though 'tis not eaſy, yet we muſt forego
Th' enjoyments we are never born to know.
Yet this a glorious recompence would prove:
Inſtructed thus, I'd learn to live above;
And, by degrees, wear off the pangs of meaner love.

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